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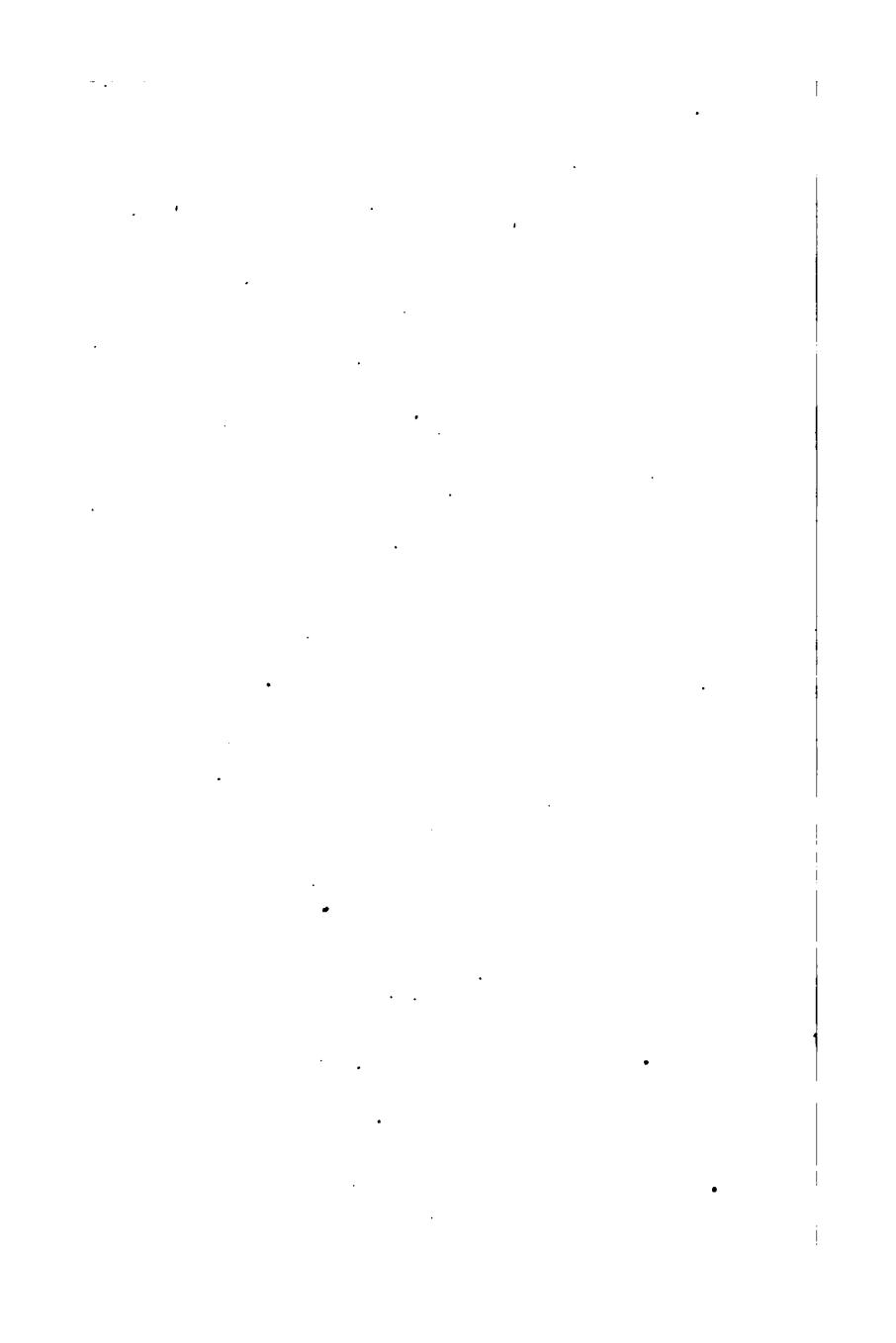


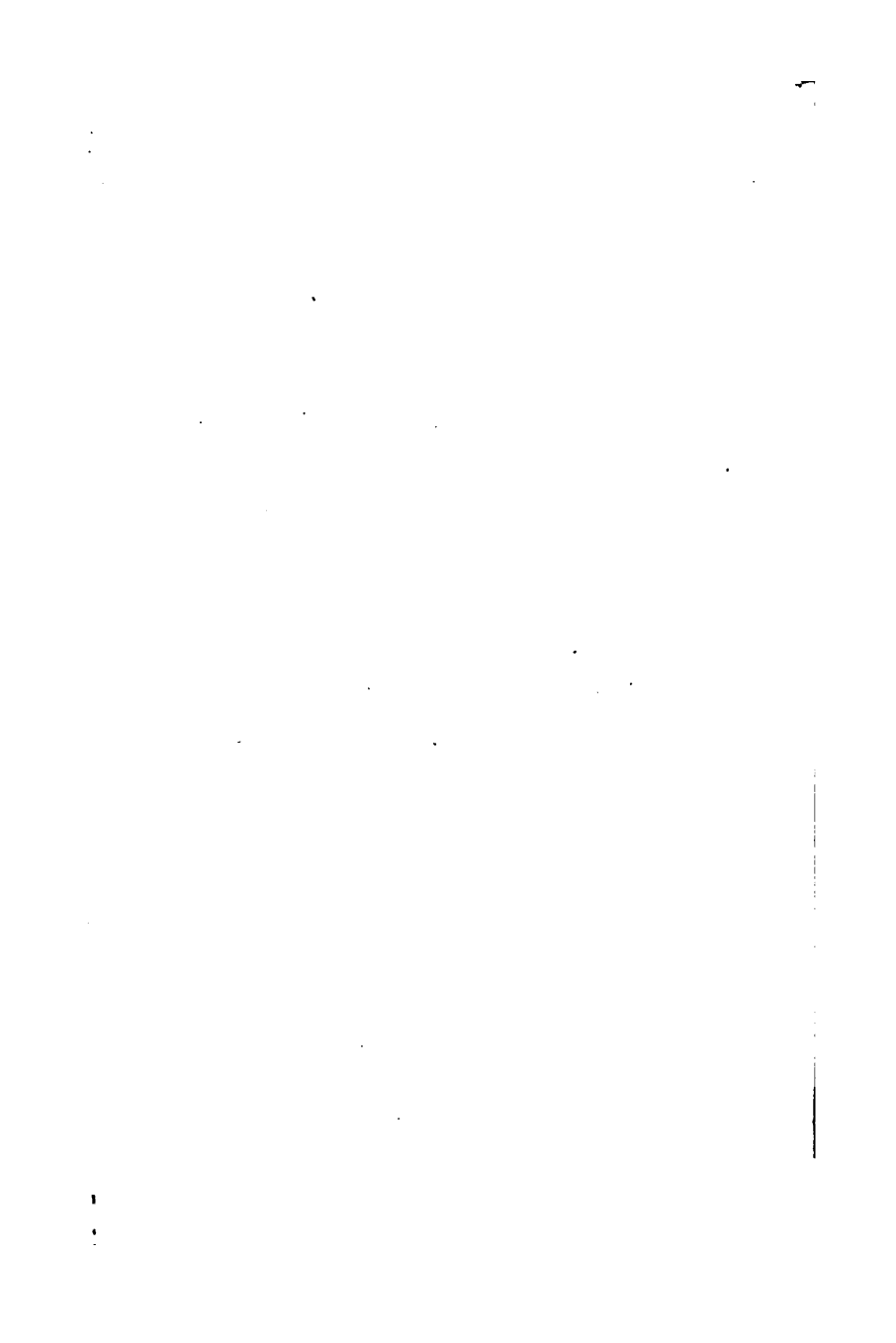




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Lester Biddle





THE
MUSES' BOWER,
EMBELLISHED WITH
THE
BEAUTIES OF ENGLISH POETRY.

VOL. II.



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SOLIMA;

AN ARABIAN ECLOGUE.*

[SIR W. JONES.]

YE maids of Aden! hear a loftier tale
Than e'er was sung in meadow, bow'r, or dale.
—The smiles of Abelah, and Maia's eyes,
Where beauty plays, and love in slumber lies;
The fragrant hyacinths of Azza's hair,
That wanton with the laughing summer-air;
Love-tinctur'd cheeks, whence roses seek their bloom,
And lips, from which the Zephyr steals perfume;

* This poem, says its author, is not a regular translation from the Arabic; but most of its figures, sentiments, and descriptions, are taken from the poets of that country: as are also, most of those of the two following pieces, (the *Palace of Fortune*, and the *Seven Fountains*) from the Persian, and other eastern writers. The eclogue before us, may be supposed to be written in praise of an Arabian princess, who had built a caravansera, with pleasant gardens, for the refreshment of travellers and pilgrims; an act of magnificence not uncommon in Asia.—*Sir W. Jones's Preface to his Poems, 1772.*

Invite no more the wild unpolish'd lay,
But fly like dreams before the morning ray.
Then farewell, love! and farewell, youthful fires!
A nobler warmth my kindled breast inspires.
Far bolder notes the list'ning wood shall fill:
Flow smooth, ye rivulets; and, ye gales, be still.

See yon fair groves that o'er Amana rise,
And with their spicy breath embalm the skies;
Where every breeze sheds incense o'er the vales,
And every shrub the scent of musk exhales!
See through yon opening glade a glittering scene,
Lawns ever gay, and meadows ever green!
Then ask the groves, and ask the vocal bow'rs,
Who deck'd their spiry tops with blooming flow'rs,
Taught the blue stream o'er sandy vales to flow,
And the brown wild with liveliest hues to glow?
Fair Solima! the hills and dales will sing;
Fair Solima! the distant echoes ring.
But not with idle shows of vain delight,
To charm the soul, or to beguile the sight;
At noon on banks of pleasure to repose,
Where bloom intwin'd the lily, pink, and rose;
Not in proud piles to heap the nightly feast,
Till morn with pearls has deck'd the glowing east;
Ah! not for this she taught those bowers to rise,
And bade all Eden spring before our eyes:

Far other thoughts her heavenly mind employ,
(Hence, empty pride! and hence, delusive joy!)
To cheer with sweet repast the fainting guest;
To lull the weary on the couch of rest;
To warm the traveller numb'd with winter's cold;
The young to cherish, to support the old;
The sad to comfort, and the weak protect;
The poor to shelter, and the lost direct:—
These are her cares, and this her glorious task;
Can heaven a nobler give, or mortals ask?

Come to these groves, and these life-breathing glades,
Ye friendless orphans, and ye dowerless maids!
With eager haste your mournful mansions leave,
Ye weak, that tremble; and, ye sick, that grieve;
Here shall soft tents, o'er flowery lawns display'd,
At night defend you, and at noon o'ershade;
Here rosy health the sweets of life will shower,
And new delights beguile each varied hour.
Mourns there a widow, bath'd in streaming tears?
Stoops there a sire beneath the weight of years?
Weeps there a maid, in pining sadness left,
Of tender parents, and of hope, bereft?
To Solima their sorrows they bewail;
To Solima they pour their plaintive tale.

She hears; and, radiant as the star of day,
Through the thick forest gains her easy way :
She asks what cares the joyless train oppress,
What sickness wastes them, or what wants distress;
And, as they mourn, she steals a tender sigh,
Whilst all her soul sits melting in her eye :
Then with a smile the healing balm bestows,
And sheds a tear of pity o'er their woes,
Which, as it drops, some soft-eyed angel bears
Transform'd to pearl, and in his bosom wears.

When, chill'd with fear, the trembling pilgrim roves
Through pathless deserts, and through tangled groves,
Where mantling darkness spreads her dragon wing,
And birds of death their fatal dirges sing,
While vapours pale a dreadful glimmering cast,
And thrilling horror howls in every blast ;
She cheers his gloom with streams of bursting light,
By day a sun, a beaming moon by night ;
Darts through the quivering shades her heavenly ray,
And spreads with rising flowers his solitary way.

Ye heavens, for this in showers of sweetness shed
Your mildest influence o'er her favour'd head !
Long may her name, which distant climes shall praise,
Live in our notes, and blossom in our lays !

And, like an odorous plant, whose blushing flow'r
Paints every dale, and sweetens every bow'r,
Borne to the skies in clouds of soft perfume.
For ever flourish, and for ever bloom !
These grateful songs, ye maids and youths, renew,
While fresh-blown violets drink the pearly dew ;
O'er Azib's banks while love-lorn damsels rove,
And gales of fragrance breathe from Hagar's grove.

So sung the youth, whose sweetly-warbled strains
Fair Mena heard, and Saba's spicy plains.
Sooth'd with his lay, the ravish'd air was calm,
The winds scarce whisper'd o'er the waving palm ;
The camels bounded o'er the flowery lawn,
Like the swift ostrich, or the sportful fawn ;
Their silken bands the listening rose-buds rent,
And twin'd their blossoms round his vocal tent :
He sung, till on the bank the moonlight slept,
And closing flowers beneath the night-dew wept ;
Then ceas'd, and slumber'd in the lap of rest
Till the shrill lark had left his low-built nest.
Now hastes the swain to tune his rapturous tales
In other meadows, and in other vales.

THE PALACE OF FORTUNE;

AN INDIAN TALE.

[1880.]

MILD was the vernal gale, and calm the day,
When Maia near a crystal fountain lay:
Young Maia, fairest of the blue-eyed maids,
That rov'd at noon in Tibet's musky shades;
But, haply, wandering through the fields of air,
Some fiend had whisper'd—Maia, thou art fair!
Hence swelling pride had fill'd her simple breast,
And rising passions rob'd her mind of rest;
In courts and glittering towers she wish'd to dwell,
And scorn'd her labouring parents lowly cell.
And now, as gazing o'er the glassy stream,
She saw her blooming cheek's reflected beam,
Her tresses brighter than the morning sky,
And the mild radiance of her sparkling eye,
Low sighs and trickling tears by turns she stole,
And thus discharg'd the anguish of her soul:

‘ Why glow those cheeks, if unadmir’d they glow ?
Why flow those tresses, if unprais’d they flow ?
Why dart those eyes their liquid ray serene,
Unfelt their influence, and their light unseen ?
Ye heav’ns ! was that love-breathing bosom made
To warm dull groves, and cheer the lonely glade ?
Ah, no : those blushes, that enchanting face,
Some tap’stried hall, or gilded bower, might grace ;
Might deck the scenes, where love and pleasure reign,
And fire with amorous flames the youthful train.’

While thus she spoke, a sudden blaze of light
Shot through the clouds, and struck her dazzled sight.
She rais’d her head, astonish’d, to the skies,
And veil’d with trembling hands her aching eyes ;
When through the yielding air she saw from far
A goddess gliding in a golden car,
That soon descended on the flowery lawn,
By two fair yokes of starry peacocks drawn :
A thousand nymphs with many a sprightly glance
Form’d round the radiant wheels an airy dance,
Celestial shapes ! in fluid light array’d ;
Like twinkling stars their beamy sandals play’d,
Their lucid mantles glitter’d in the sun,
(Webs half so bright the silk-worm never spun)

Transparent robes, that bore the rainbow's hue,
And finer than the nets of pearly dew,
That morning spreads o'er every opening flow'r,
When sportive summer decks his bridal bow'r.

The queen herself, too fair for mortal sight,
Sat in the centre of encircling light.
Soon with soft touch she rais'd the trembling maid,
And by her side in silent slumber laid :
Straight the gay birds display'd their spangled train,
And flew refulgent through th' aerial plain ;
The fairy band their shining pinions spread,
And, as they rose, fresh gales of sweetness shed ;
Fan'd with their flowing skirts, the sky was mild ;
And heaven's blue fields with brighter radiance smil'd.

Now in a garden deck'd with verdant bow'rs
The glittering car descends on bending flow'rs :
The goddess still with looks divinely fair
Surveys the sleeping object of her care ;
Then o'er her cheek her magic finger lays,
Soft as the gale that o'er a violet plays,
And thus in sounds, that favour'd mortals hear,
She gently whispers in her ravish'd ear.

' Awake, sweet maid, and view this charming scene,
For ever beauteous, and for ever green ;

Here living rills of purest nectar flow
 O'er meads that with unfading flow'rets glow;
 Here amorous gales their scented wings display,
 Mov'd by the breath of ever-blooming May;
 Here in the lap of pleasure shalt thou rest,
 Our lov'd companion, and our honour'd guest.

The damsel hears the heav'nly notes distil,
 Like melting snow, or like a vernal rill.
 She lifts her head, and, on her arm reclin'd,
 Drinks the sweet accents in her grateful mind:
 On all around she turns her roving eyes,
 And views the splendid scene with glad surprize;
 Fresh lawns, and sunny banks, and roseate bow'rs,
 Hills white with flocks, and meadows gem'd with
 flow'rs;

Cool shades, a sure defence from summer's ray,
 And silver brooks, (where wanton damsels play),
 Which with soft notes their dimpled crystal roll'd
 O'er colour'd shells, and sand of native gold;
 A rising fountain play'd from every stream,
 Smil'd as it rose, and cast a transient gleam,
 Then, gently falling in a vocal show'r,
 Bath'd every shrub, and sprinkled every flow'r,

That on the banks, like many a lovely bride,
View'd in the liquid glass their blushing pride ;
Whilst on each branch, with purple blossoms hung,
The sportful birds their joyous descant sung.

While Maia, thus entranc'd in sweet delight,
With each gay object fed her eager sight,
The goddess mildly caught her willing hand,
And led her trembling o'er the flow'ry land ;
Soon she beheld where, through an opening glade,
A spacious lake its clear expanse display'd ;
In mazy curls, the flowing jasper wav'd
O'er its smooth bed, with polish'd agate pav'd ;
And on a rock of ice, by magic rais'd,
High in the midst a gorgeous palace blaz'd ;
The sun-beams on the gilded portals glanc'd,
Play'd on the spires, and on the turrets danc'd ;
To four bright gates four ivory bridges led,
With pearls illumin'd, and with roses spread :
And now, more radiant than the morning sun,
Her easy way the gliding goddess won ;
Still by her hand she held the fearful maid,
And, as she pass'd, the fairies homage paid :
They enter'd, strait, the sumptuous palace-hall,
Where silken tapestry emblaz'd the wall,

Refulgent tissue, of an heavenly woof;
And gems unnumber'd sparkled on the roof,
On whose blue arch the flaming diamonds play'd,
As on a sky with living stars inlay'd;
Of precious diadems a regal store,
With globes and sceptres, strew'd the porphyry floor;
Rich vests of eastern kings around were spread,
And glittering zones a starry lustre shed:
But Maia most admir'd the pearly strings,
Gay bracelets, golden chains, and sparkling rings.

High, in the centre of the palace, shone,
Suspended in mid air, an opal throne:
To this the queen ascends, with royal pride,
And sets the favour'd damsel by her side.
Around the throne, in mystic order, stand
The fairy train, and wait her high command;
When thus she speaks: (the inaid attentive sips
Each word that flows, like nectar, from her lips.)

' Favourite of heaven, my much-lov'd Maia, know,
From me all joys, all earthly blessings, flow:
Me suppliant men imperial Fortune call,
The mighty empress of yon rolling ball:
(She rais'd her finger, and the wondering maid;
At distance hung, the dusky globe survey'd;

Saw the round earth with foaming oceans vain'd,
And labouring crowds on mountain tops sustain'd.)
' To me has fate the pleasing task assign'd,
To rule the various thoughts of human kind;
To catch each rising wish, each ardent pray'r,
And some to grant, and some to waste in air,
Know further, as I rang'd the crystal sky,
I saw thee near the murmuring fountain lie;
Mark'd the rough storm that gather'd in thy breast,
And knew what care thy joyless soul oppress.
Strait I resolv'd to bring thee quick relief,
Ease every weight, and soften every grief;
If in this court contented thou canst live,
And taste the joys these happy gardens give:—
But fill thy mind with vain desires no more,
And view without a wish yon shining store.
Soon shall a numerous train before me bend,
And kneeling votaries my shrine attend;
Warn'd by their empty vanities beware,
And scorn the folly of each human prayer.'

She said; and strait a damsel of her train
With tender fingers touch'd a golden chain.
Now a soft bell delighted Maia hears,
That sweetly trembles on her listening ears;

Through the calm air the melting numbers float,
 And wanton echo lengthens every note.
 Soon, through the dome, a mingled hum arose,
 Like a swift stream that o'er a valley flows ;
 Now louder still it grew, and still more loud,
 As distant thunder breaks the bursting cloud :
 Through the four portals rush'd a various throng,
 That like a wintry torrent pour'd along :
 A crowd, of every tongue and every hue,
 Toward the bright throne, with eager rapture, flew.
 A lovely stripling * step'd before the rest
 With hasty pace, and toward the goddess prest ;
 His mien was graceful, and his looks were mild,
 And in his eye celestial sweetness smil'd ;
 Youth's purple glow, and beauty's rosy beam,
 O'er his smooth cheeks diffus'd a lively gleam ;
 The floating ringlets of his musky hair
 Wav'd on the bosom of the wanton air :
 With modest gaze, the goddess he address'd,
 And, thoughtless, thus prefer'd his fond request.

' Queen of the world ! whose wide-extended sway,
 Gay youth, firm manhood, and cold age, obey,
 Grant me, while life's fresh blooming roses smile,
 The day with varied pleasures to beguile ;

* Pleasure.

Let me on beds of dewy flowers recline,
And quaff, with glowing lips, the sparkling wine ;
Grant me to feed on beauty's rifled charms,
And clasp a willing damsel in my arms ;
Her bosom, fairer than a hill of snow,
And gently bounding like a playful roe ;
Her lips, more fragrant than the summer air ;
And sweet as Scythian musk, her hyacinthine hair ;
Let new delights each dancing hour employ,
Sport follow sport, and joy succeed to joy.'

The goddess grants the simple youth's request,
And, mildly, thus accosts her lovely guest :
' On that smooth mirror, full of magic light,
Awhile, dear Maia, fix thy wandering sight.'
She looks ; and in th' enchanted crystal sees
A bower o'er-canopied with tufted trees :
The wanton stripling lies beneath the shade ;
And, by his side, reclines a blooming maid ;
O'er her fair limbs a silken mantle flows,
Through which her youthful beauty softly glows,
And, part conceal'd and part disclos'd to sight,
Through the thin texture casts a ruddy light ;
As the ripe clusters of the mantling vine
Beneath the verdant foliage, faintly shine ;

And, fearing to be view'd by envious day,
Their glowing tints unwillingly display.

The youth, while joy sits sparkling in his eyes,
Pants on her neck, and on her bosom dies ;
From her smooth cheek nectareous dew he sips,
And all his soul comes breathing to his lips.
But Maia turns her modest eyes away,
And blushes to behold their amorous play.

She looks again ; and sees, with sad surprise,
On the clear glass far different scenes arise :
The bower, which late outshone the rosy morn,
O'erhung with weeds she saw, and rough with thorn ;
With sting of asps, the leafless plants were wreath'd ;
And curling adders gales of venom breath'd :
Low sat the stripling on the faded ground ;
And, in a mournful knot, his arms were bound ;
His eyes, that shot before a sunny beam,
Now scarcely shed a saddening, dying gleam,
Faint as a glimm'ring taper's wasted light,
Or a dull ray that streaks the cloudy night :
His crystal vase was on the pavement roll'd,
And from the bank was fall'n his cup of gold ;
From which, th' envenom'd dregs of deadly hue
Flow'd on the ground, in streams of baleful dew,

And, slowly stealing through the wither'd bow'r,
Poison'd each plant, and blasted every flow'r:
Fled were his slaves, and fled his yielding fair,
And each gay phantom was dissolv'd in air;
Whilst in their place was left a ruthless train,
Despair, and grief, remorse, and raging pain.

Aside the damsel turns her weeping eyes,
And sad reflections in her bosom rise;
To whom thus, mildly, speaks the radiant queen:
' Take sage example from this moral scene;
See! how vain pleasures sting the lips they kiss,
How asps are hid beneath the bowers of bliss!
Whilst ever fair the flow'r of temperance blows,
Unchang'd her leaf, and without thorn her rose;
Smiling she darts her glittering branch on high,
And spreads her fragrant blossoms to the sky.'

Next, toward the throne she saw a knight* advance;
Erect he stood, and shook a quiv'ring lance;
A fiery dragon on his helmet shone;
And on his buckler beam'd a golden sun;
O'er his broad bosom, blaz'd his jointed mail
With many a gem, and many a shining scale;

* Glory.

He trod the sounding floor with princely mien,
And thus with haughty words address'd the queen :
' Let falling kings beneath my javelin bleed,
And bind my temples with a victor's meed ;
Let every realm that feels the solar ray,
Shrink at my frown, and own my regal sway :
Let Ind's rich banks proclaim my deathless fame,
And trembling-Ganges dread my potent name.'

The queen consented to the warrior's pray'r ;
And his bright banners floated in the air ;
He bade his darts in steely tempests fly,
Flames burst the clouds, and thunder shakes the sky ;
Death aim'd his lance, earth trembled at his nod,
And crimson conquest glow'd where'er he trod.

And now, the damsel, fix'd in deep amaze,
Th' enchanted glass with eager look surveys :
She sees the hero in his dusky tent,
His guards retir'd, his glimm'ring taper spent ;
His spear, vain instrument of dying praise,
On the rich floor, with idle state, he lays ;
His gory falchion near his pillow stood,
And stain'd the ground with drops of purple blood ;
A busy page his nodding helm unlac'd,
And on the couch his scaly hauberk plac'd :



Now on the bed his weary limbs he throws,
Bath'd in the balmy dew of soft repose :
In dreams he rushes o'er the gloomy field,
He sees new armies fly, new heroes yield :
Warm with the vigorous conflict he appears,
And ev'n in slumber seems to move the spheres.
But lo ! the faithless page, with stealing tread,
Advances to the champion's naked head ;
With his sharp dagger wounds his bleeding breast,
And steeps his eyelids in eternal rest :
Then cries, (and waves the steel that drops with gore)
' The tyrant dies ; oppression is no more.'

Now came an aged sire,* with trembling pace ;
Sunk were his eyes, and pale his ghastly face ;
A ragged weed of dusky hue he wore,
And on his back a ponderous coffer bore.
The queen with faltering speech he thus address :
' O, fill with gold thy true adorer's chest !'

' Behold,' said she, and wav'd her pow'ful hand,
' Where yon rich hills in glittering order stand :
There load thy coffer with the golden store ;
Then bear it full away, and ask no more.'

* Riches.

With eager steps he took his hasty way,
Where the bright coin in heaps unnumber'd lay ;
There, hung enamour'd o'er the gleaming spoil,
Scoop'd the gay dross, and bent beneath the toil.
But bitter was his anguish, to behold
The coffer widen, and its sides unfold :
And, every time he heap'd the darling ore,
His greedy chest grew larger than before ;
Till, spent with pain, and falling o'er his hoard,
With his sharp steel his maddening breast he gor'd :
On the lov'd heap he cast his closing eye,
Contented on a golden couch to die.

A stripling, with the fair adventure pleas'd,
Step'd forward, and the massy coffer seiz'd ;
But with surprise he saw the stores decay,
And all the long-sought treasures melt away :
In winding streams the liquid metal roll'd,
And through the palace ran a flood of gold.

Next, to the shrine advanc'd a reverend sage,*
Whose beard was hoary with the frost of age ;
His few gray locks a sable fillet bound,
And his dark mantle flow'd along the ground :

* Knowledge.

Grave was his port, yet shew'd a bold neglect,
And fill'd the young beholder with respect;
Time's envious hand had plough'd his wrinkled face,
Yet on those wrinkles sat superior grace;
Still full of fire appear'd his vivid eye,
Darted quick beams, and seem'd to pierce the sky:
At length, with gentle voice and look serene,
He wav'd his hand, and thus address'd the queen.

Twice forty winters tip my beard with snow,
And age's chilling gusts around me blow:
In early youth, by contemplation led,
With high pursuits my flatter'd thoughts were fed;
To nature first my labours were confin'd,
And all her charms were open'd to my mind;
Each flower that glisten'd in the morning dew,
And every shrub that in the forest grew:
From earth to heaven I cast my wond'ring eyes,
Saw suns unnumber'd sparkle in the skies,
Mark'd the just progress of each rolling sphere,
Describ'd the seasons, and reform'd the year.
At length sublimer studies I began,
And fix'd my level'd telescope on man;
Knew all his powers, and all his passions trac'd,
What virtue rais'd him, and what vice debas'd:
But when I saw his knowledge so confin'd,
So vain his wishes, and so weak his mind,

His soul, a bright obscurity at best,
And rough with tempests his afflicted breast,
His life a flower, ere evening sure to fade,
His highest joys, the shadow of a shade;
To thy fair court I took my weary way,
Bewail my folly, and heaven's laws obey,
Confess my feeble mind for prayers unfit,
And to my maker's will my soul submit:
Great empress of yon orb that rolls below,
On me the last best gift of heaven bestow.'

He spoke: a sudden cloud his senses stole,
And thickening darkness swam o'er all his soul;
His vital spark her earthly cell forsook,
And into air her fleeting progress took.

Now, from the throng a deafening sound was heard,
And all at once their various prayers prefer'd;
The goddess, wearied with the noisy crowd,
Thrice wav'd her silver wand, and spoke aloud:
'Our ears no more with vain petitions tire,
But take unheard whate'er you first desire.'
She said: each wish'd, and what he wish'd obtain'd;
And wild confusion in the palace reign'd.

But Maia, now grown senseless with delight,
Cast on an emerald ring her roving sight;

And, ere she could survey the rest with care,
Wish'd on her hand the precious gem to wear.

Sudden the palace vanish'd from her sight,
And the gay fabric melted into night ;
But, in its place, she view'd with weeping eyes
Huge rocks around her, and sharp cliffs arise :
She sat deserted on the naked shore,
Saw the curl'd waves, and heard the tempest roar ;
Whilst on her finger shone the fatal ring,
A weak defence from hunger's pointed sting,
From sad remorse, from comfortless despair,
And all the painful family of care !
Frantic with grief her rosy cheek she tore,
And rent her locks, her darling charge no more :
But, when the night his raven wing had spread,
And hung with sable every mountain's head,
Her tender limbs were numb'd with biting cold,
And round her feet the curling billows roll'd ;
With trembling arms a rifled crag she grasp'd,
And the rough rock with hard embraces clasp'd.

While thus she stood, and made a piercing moan,
By chance her emerald touch'd the rugged stone ;
That moment gleam'd from heaven a golden ray,
And taught the gloom to counterfeit the day :

A winged youth, for mortal eyes too fair,
Shot, like a meteor, through the dusky air ;
His heavenly charms o'ercame her dazzled sight,
And drown'd her senses in a flood of light ;
His sunny plumes, descending, he display'd,
And, softly, thus address'd the mournful maid :

‘ Say, thou, who dost yon wondrous ring possess,
What cares disturb thee, or what wants oppress ;
To faithful ears disclose thy secret grief,
And hope (so heaven ordains) a quick relief.’

The maid replied, ‘ Ah sacred genius ! bear
A hopeless damsel from this land of care ;
Waft me to softer climes and lovelier plains,
Where nature smiles, and spring eternal reigns.’

She spoke ; and, swifter than the glance of thought,
To a fair isle his sleeping charge he brought.

Now morning breath'd : the scented air was mild,
Each meadow blossom'd, and each valley smil'd ;
On every shrub the pearly dew-drops hung,
On every branch a feather'd warbler sung ;
The cheerful spring her flowery chaplets wove,
And incense-breathing gales perfum'd the grove.

The damsel rose ; and, lost in glad surprise,
Cast round the gay expanse her opening eyes,
That shone with pleasure, like a starry beam,
Or moonlight sparkling on a silver stream.
She thought some nymph must haunt that lovely scene,
Some woodland goddess, or some fairy queen ;
At least she hop'd in some sequester'd vale
To hear the shepherd tell his amorous tale :
Led by these flattering hopes, from glade to glade,
From lawn to lawn, with hasty steps she stray'd ;
But not a nymph by stream or fountain stood,
And not a fairy glided through the wood ;
No damsel wanton'd o'er the dewy flow'rs,
No shepherd sung beneath the rosy bow'rs :
On every side she saw vast mountains rise
That thrust their daring foreheads in the skies ;
The rocks of polish'd alabaster seem'd,
And in the sun their lofty summits gleam'd.
She call'd aloud ; but not a voice replied,
Save Echo babbling from the mountain's side.

By this, had-night o'ercast the gloomy scene,
And twinkling stars emblaz'd the blue serene :
Yet on she wander'd, till, with grief oppress'd,
She fell ; and, falling, smote her snowy breast :
Now to the heavens her guilty head she rears,
And pours her bursting sorrow into tears ;

Then plaintive speaks, ' Ah! fond mistaken maid!
How was thy mind by gilded hopes betray'd!
Why didst thou wish for bowers and flowery hills,
For smiling meadows, and for purling rills;
Since on those hills no youth or damsel roves,
Nor shepherd haunts the solitary groves?
Ye meads that glow with intermingled dyes,
Ye flowering palms that from yon hillocks rise,
Ye quivering brooks that softly murmur by,
Ye panting gales that on the branches die;
Ah! why has Nature thro' her gay domain
Display'd your beauties, yet display'd in vain?
In vain, ye flowers, you boast your vernal bloom,
And waste in barren air your fresh perfume.
Ah! leave, ye wanton birds, yon lonely spray;
Unheard you warble, and unseen you play:
Yet stay till fate has fix'd my early doom,
And strow with leaves a hapless damsel's tomb.
Some grot or grassy bank shall be my bier,
My maiden herse unwater'd with a tear.'

Thus while she mourns, o'erwhelm'd in deep despair,
She rends her silken robes, and golden hair:
Her fatal ring, the cause of all her woes,
On a hard rock with maddening rage she throws;

The gem, rebounding from the stone, displays
Its verdant hue, and sheds refreshing rays :
Sudden descends the Genius of the Ring,
And drops celestial fragrance from his wing ;
Then speaks, ' Who calls me from the realms of day ?
Ask, and I grant ; command, and I obey.'

She drank his melting words with ravish'd ears,
And stop'd the gushing current of her tears ;
Then kiss'd his skirts, that like a ruby glow'd,
And said, ' O bear me to my sire's abode.'

Strait, o'er her eyes a shady veil arose,
And all her soul was lull'd in still repose.

By this, with flow'rs the rosy-finger'd dawn
Had spread each dewy hill and verdurous lawn :
She wak'd ; and saw a new built tomb, that stood
In the dark bosom of a solemn wood ;
While these sad sounds her trembling ears invade,
' Beneath yon marble, sleeps thy father's shade !'
She sigh'd ; she wept ; she struck her pensive breast ;
And bade his urn in peaceful slumber rest.

And now, in silence, o'er the gloomy land,
She saw advance a slowly-winding band ;

Their cheeks were veil'd, their robes of mournful hue
Flow'd o'er the lawn, and swept the pearly dew ;
O'er the fresh turf they sprinkled sweet perfume,
And strow'd with flowers the venerable tomb.
A graceful matron walk'd before the train,
And tun'd in notes of woe the funeral strain :
When from her face the silken veil she drew,
The watchful maid her aged mother knew.
O'erpower'd with bursting joy, she runs to meet
The mourning dame, and falls before her feet :
The matron with surprise her daughter rears,
Hangs on her neck, and mingles tears with tears.
Now o'er the tomb their hallow'd rites they pay,
And form with lamps an artificial day.
Ere long the damsel reach'd her native vale,
And told with joyful heart, her moral tale :
Resign'd to heaven, and lost to all beside,
She liv'd contented, and contented died.

THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

AN EASTERN ALLEGORY.

[IBID.]

Deck'd with fresh garlands like a rural bride,
And with the crimson streamer's waving pride,
A wanton bark was floating o'er the main ;
And seem'd, with scorn, to view the azure plain :
Smooth were the waves ; and scarce a whispering gale
Fan'd with his gentle plumes the silken sail.
High on the burnish'd deck, a gilded throne
With orient pearls and beaming diamonds shone ;
On which reclin'd a youth of graceful mien,
His sandals purple, and his mantle green ;
His locks, in ringlets, o'er his shoulders roll'd,
And on his cheek appear'd the downy gold.
Around him stood a train of smiling boys,
Sporting with idle cheer and mirthful toys ;
Ten comely striplings,* girt with spangled wings,
Blew piercing flutes, or touch'd the quivering strings ;

* The follies of youth.

Ten more, in cadence to the sprightly strain,
Wak'd with their golden oars the slumb'ring main :
The waters yielded to their guiltless blows,
And the green billows sparkled as they rose.

Long time the barge had danc'd along the deep,
And on its glassy bosom seem'd to sleep ;
But now a glittering isle* arose in view,
Bounded with hillocks of a verdant hue :
Fresh groves and roscate bowers appear'd above ;
(Fit haunts, be sure, of pleasure and of love ;)
And, higher still, a thousand blazing spires
Seem'd with gilt tops to threat the heavenly fires.
Now each fair stripling plied his lab'ring oar,
And strait the pinnacle struck the sandy shore.
The youth arose, and, leaping on the strand,
Took his lone way along the silver sand ;
While the light bark, and all the airy crew,
Sunk like a mist beneath the briny dew.

With eager steps, the young adventurer stray'd
Through many a grove, and many a winding glade :
At length he heard the chime of tuneful strings,
That sweetly floated on the Zephyr's wings ;

* The world.

And soon, a band of damsels,* blithe and fair,
With flowing mantles and dishevell'd hair,
Rush'd with quick pace, along the solemn wood,
Where rapt in wonder and delight he stood :
In loose transparent robes they were array'd,
Which half their beauties hid, and half display'd.

A lovely nymph approach'd him with a smile,
And said, ' O, welcome to this blissful isle ;
For thou art he, whom ancient bards foretold,
Doom'd in our clime to bring an age of gold :
Hail, sacred king ! and from thy subject's hand,
Accept the robes and sceptre of the land.'

' Sweet maid,' said he, ' fair learning's heavenly beam,
O'er my young mind ne'er shed her favouring gleam ;
Nor has my arm e'er hurl'd the fatal lance,
While desperate legions o'er the plain advance.
How should a simple youth, unfit to bear
The steely mail, that splendid mantle wear ?'
' Ah !' said the damsel, ' from this happy shore,
We banish wisdom, and her idle lore !
No clarions here the strains of battle sing :
With notes of mirth our joyful vallies ring.

* The follies and vanities of the world.

Peace to the brave : o'er us the beauteous reign ;
And ever-charming pleasures form our train.'

This said, a diadem, inlay'd with pearls,
She plac'd respectful on his golden curls ;
Another, o'er his graceful shoulder, threw
A silken mantle of the rose's hue,
Which, clasp'd with studs of gold, behind him flow'd,
And through the folds his glowing bosom shew'd.
Then in a car, by snow-white coursers drawn,
They led him o'er the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Through groves of joy and arbours of delight,
With all that could allure his ravish'd sight ;
Green hillocks, meads, and rosy grots he view'd,
And verdurous plains with winding streams bedew'd.
On every bank, and under every shade,
A thousand youths, a thousand damsels play'd ;
Some wantonly were tripping in a ring
On the soft border of a gushing spring ;
While some, reclining in the shady vales,
Told to their smiling loves their amorous tales :
But when the sportful train beheld from far
The nymphs returning with the stately car,
O'er the smooth plain with hasty steps they came,
And hail'd their youthful king with loud acclaim ;
With flowers of every tint the paths they strow'd,
And cast their chaplets on the hallow'd road.

At last they reach'd the bosom of a wood,
Where, on a hill, a radiant palace stood ;
A sumptuous dome, by hands immortal made,
Which, on its walls and on its gates, display'd
The gems that in the rocks of Tibet glow,
The pearls that in the shells of Ormus grow.
And now a numerous train advance to meet
The youth, descending from his regal seat ;
Whom to a rich and spacious hall they led,
With silken carpets delicately spread ;
There, on a throne, with gems unnumber'd grac'd,
Their lovely king six blooming damsels* plac'd,
And, meekly kneeling, to his modest hand
They gave the glittering sceptre of command ;
Then on six smaller thrones they sat reclin'd,
And watch'd the rising transports of his mind :
When thus the youth a blushing nymph address'd,
And, as he spoke, her hand with rapture press'd :

‘ Say, gentle damsel, may I ask unblam’d
How this gay isle, and splendid seats are nam’d ?
And you, fair queens of beauty and of grace,
Are you of earthly or celestial race ?
To me the world’s bright treasures were unknown,
Where late I wander’d, pensive and alone ;

* The pleasures of the senses.

And, slowly winding on my native shore,
Saw the vast ocean roll, but saw no more ;
Till from the waves with many a charming song,
A barge arose, and gayly mov'd along ;
The jolly rowers reach'd the yielding sands,
Allur'd my steps, and wav'd their shining hands :
I went, saluted by the vocal train,
And the swift pinnace cleav'd the waves again ;
When on this island struck the gilded prow,
I landed, full of joy : the rest you know.
Short is the story of my tender years :
Now speak, sweet nymph, and charm my listening ears.'

' These are the groves, for ever deck'd with flowers,'
The maid replied, ' and these the fragrant bowers,
Where Love and Pleasure hold their airy court,
The seat of bliss, of sprightliness, and sport ;
And we, dear youth ! are nymphs of heavenly line ;
Our souls immortal, as our forms divine :
For Maia, fill'd with Zephyr's warm embrace,
In caves and forests cover'd her disgrace ;
At last she rested on this peaceful shore,
Where, in yon grot, a lovely boy she bore,
Whom, fresh and wild and frolick from his birth,
She nurs'd in myrtle bowers, and call'd him Mirth.

He, on a summer's morning, chanc'd to rove
Through the green labyrinth of some shady grove,
Where, by a dimpled rivulet's verdant side,
A rising bank, with woodbine edg'd, he spied :
There, veil'd with flowerets of a thousand hues,
A nymph lay bath'd in slumber's balmy dews ;
(This maid by some, for some our race defame,
Was Folly call'd, but Pleasure was her name :)
Her mantle, like the sky in April, blue,
Hung on a blossom'd branch that near her grew ;
For, long disporting in the silver stream,
She shun'd the blazing day-star's sultry beam ;
And, ere she could conceal her naked charms,
Sleep caught her trembling in his downy arms :
Borne in the wings of Love, he flew, and press'd
Her breathing bosom to his eager breast.
At his wild theft the rosy morning blush'd,
The rivulet smil'd, and all the woods were hush'd.
Of these fair parents, on this blissful coast,
(Parents like Mirth and Pleasure who can boast ?)
I with five sisters, on one happy morn,
All fair alike, behold us now ! were born.
When they to brighter regions took their way,
By Love invited to the realms of day,
To us they gave this large, this gay domain,
And said, departing, Here let Beauty reign.

Then reign, fair prince! in thee all beauties shine,
And, ah! we know thee of no mortal line.'

She said: the king with rapid ardour glow'd,
And the swift poison through his bosom flow'd;
But, while she spoke, he cast his eyes around
To view the dazzling roof, and spangled ground;
Then, turning with amaze from side to side,
Seven golden doors, that richly shone, he spied,
And said, 'Fair nymph, (but let me not be bold)
What mean those doors that blaze with burnish'd gold?'
'To six gay bowers,' the maid replied, 'they lead,
Where spring eternal crowns the glowing mead;
Six fountains there, that glitter as they play,
Rise to the sun with many a colour'd ray.'
'But the seventh door,' said he, 'what beauties grace?'
'O'tis a cave; a dark and joyless place,
A scene of nameless deeds, and magic spells,
Where day ne'er shines, and pleasure never dwells:
Think not of that. But come, my royal friend,
And see what joys thy favour'd steps attend.'
She spoke; and pointed to the nearest door:
Swift he descends; the damsel flies before;
She turns the lock; it opens at command;
The maid and stripling enter hand in hand.

The wondering youth beheld an opening glade,
Where in the midst a crystal fountain play'd ;*
The silver sands, that at its bottom grew,
Were strown with pearls and gems of varied hue ;
The diamond sparkled like the star of day,
And the soft topaz shed a golden ray ;
Clear amethysts combin'd their purple gleam,
With the mild emerald's sight-refreshing beam ;
The sapphire smil'd like yon blue plain above,
And rubies spread the blushing tint of love.
These are the waters of eternal light,'
The damsel said, ' the stream of heavenly sight ;
See in this cup, (she spoke, and stoop'd to fill
A vase of jasper with the sacred rill),
See how the living waters bound and shine,
Which this well-polish'd gem can scarce confine !'
From her soft hand, the lucid urn he took,
And quaff'd the nectar with a tender look ;
Strait from his eyes a cloud of darkness flew,
And all the scene was open'd to his view :
Not all the groves, where ancient bards have told,
Of vegetable gems, and blooming gold ;
Not all the bowers which, oft, in flowery-lays
And solemn tales, Arabian poets praise ;

* Sight.

Though streams of honey flow'd through every mead,
Though balm and amber drop'd from every reed;
Held half the sweets that Nature's ample hand
Had pour'd luxuriant o'er this wond'rous land :
All flow'rets here their mingled rays diffuse,
The rainbow's tints to these were vulgar hues ;
All birds that in the stream their pinions dip,
Or from the brink the liquid crystal sip,
Or shew their beauties to the sunny skies,
Here wav'd their plumes that shone with varying dyes ;
But chiefly he, that o'er the verdant plain
Spreads the gay eyes which grace his spangled train ;
And he, who proudly sailing, loves to shew
His mantling wings, and neck of downy snow ;
Nor absent he, who learns the human sound,
With wavy gold, and moving emeralds crown'd ;
Whose head and breast with polish'd sapphires glow,
And on whose wing the gems of Indus grow.
The monarch view'd their beauties o'er and o'er,
He was all eye, and look'd from every pore.
But now the damsel calls him from his trance ;
And o'er the lawn, delighted, they advance :
They pass the hall adorn'd with royal state,
And enter now with joy, the second gate.*

* Hearing.

A soothing sound he heard, (but tasted first
The gushing stream that from the valley burst,)
And in the shade beheld a youthful quire
That touch'd with flying hands the trembling lyre :
Melodious notes, drawn out with magic art,
Caught with sweet ecstasy his ravish'd heart ;
An hundred nymphs their charming descants play'd,
And melting voices died along the glade ;
The tuneful stream that murmur'd as it rose,
The birds that on the trees bewail'd their woes,
The boughs, made vocal by the whispering gale,
Join'd their soft strain, and warbled through the vale.
The concert ends : and now the stripling hears
A tender voice that strikes his wondering ears ;
A beauteous bird, in our rude climes unknown,
That on a leafy arbour sits alone,
Strains his sweet throat, and waves his purple wings,
And thus in human accents softly sings :

‘ Rise, lovely pair, a sweeter bower invites
Your eager steps, a bower of new delights ;
Ah ! crop the flowers of pleasure, while they blow,
Ere winter hides them in a veil of snow.
Youth, like a thin anemone, displays
His silken leaf, and in a morn decays.
See, gentle youth ! a lily-bosom'd bride ;

See, nymph! a blooming stripling by thy side.
Then haste, and bathe your souls in soft delights,
A sweeter bower your wand'ring steps invites. '

He ceas'd; the slender branch, from which he flew,
Bent its fair head, and sprinkled pearly dew.
The damsel smil'd; the blushing youth was pleas'd,
And by her willing hand his charmer seiz'd:
The lovely nymph, who sigh'd for sweeter joy,
To the third gate* conducts the amorous boy;
She turns the key; her cheeks like roses bloom,
And on the lock her fingers drop perfume.

His ravish'd sense a scene of pleasure meets,
A maze of joy, a paradise of sweets;
But first his lips had touch'd th' alluring stream,
That through the grove display'd a silver gleam.
Through jasmine bowers, and violet-scented vales,
On silken pinions flew the wanton gales;
Arabian odours on the plants they left,
And whisper'd to the woods their spicy theft:
Beneath the shrubs that spread a trembling shade,
The musky roes, and fragrant civets play'd.
As when, at eve, an Eastern merchant roves
From Hadramut to Aden's spikenard groves,

* Smell.

Where some rich caravan, not long before,
Has pass'd, with cassia fraught, and balmy store,
Charm'd with the scent that hills and vales diffuse,
His grateful journey gayly he pursues :
Thus pleas'd, the monarch fed his eager soul,
And from each breeze a cloud of fragrance stole :
Soon the fourth door* he pass'd with eager haste,
And the fourth stream was nectar to his taste.

Before his eyes, on agate columns rear'd,
On high a purple canopy appear'd ;
And under it, in stately form, was plac'd
A table with a thousand vases grac'd ;
Laden with all the dainties that are found
In air, in seas, or on the fruitful ground.
Here the fair youth reclin'd with decent pride,
His wanton nymph was seated by his side :
All that could please the taste, the happy pair
Cull'd from the loaded board with curious care ;
O'er their enchanted heads, a mantling vine
His curling tendrils wove with amorous twine ;
From the green stalks the glowing clusters hung,
Like rubies on a thread of emeralds strung ;
With these were other fruits of every hue,
The pale, the red, the golden, and the blue.

* Taste.

An hundred smiling pages stood around,
Their shining brows with wreaths of myrtle bound :
They, in transparent cups of agate, bore
Of sweetly-sparkling wines a precious store ;
The stripling sip'd and revell'd, till the sun
Down heaven's blue vault his daily course had run ;
Then rose, and, follow'd by the gentle maid,
Op'd the fifth door :* a stream before them play'd.

The king, impatient for the cooling draught,
In a full cup the mystic nectar quaff'd ;
Then with a smile, (he knew no higher bliss)
From her sweet lip he stole a balmy kiss :
On the smooth bank of violets they reclin'd :
And, whilst a chaplet for his brow she twin'd,
With his soft cheek her softer cheek he press'd ;
His pliant arms were folded round her breast.
She smil'd, soft lightning darted from her eyes,
And from his fragrant seat she bade him rise ;
Then, while a brighter blush her face o'erspread,
To the sixth gate† her willing guest she led.

The golden lock she softly turn'd around ;
The moving hinges gave a pleasing sound :

* Toph.

† The sensual pleasures united.

The boy delighted, ran with eager haste,
And to his lips the living fountain plac'd ;
The magic water pierc'd his kindled brain,
And a strange venom shot from vein to vein.
Whatever charms he saw in other bowers,
Were here combin'd, fruits, music, odours, flowers;
A couch besides, with softest silk o'erlaid ;
And, sweeter still, a lovely yielding maid,
Who now more charming seem'd, and not so coy,
And in her arms infolds the blushing boy:
They sport and wanton, till, with sleep oppress'd,
Like two fresh rose-buds on one stalk, they rest.

When morning spread around her purple flame,
To the sweet couch the five fair sisters came ;
They hail'd the bridegroom with a cheerful voice,
And bade him make, with speed, a second choice.
Hard task to choose, when all alike were fair !
Now this, now that, engag'd his anxious care :
Then to the first who spoke, his hand he lent ;
The rest retir'd, and whisper'd as they went.
The prince enamour'd view'd his second bride ;
They left the bower, and wander'd side by side ;
With her he charm'd his ears, with her his sight ;
With her he pass'd the day, with her the night.
Thus, all by turns the sprightly stranger led,
And all by turns partook his nuptial bed ;

Hours, days, and months, in pleasure flow'd away ;
All laugh'd, all sweetly sung, and all were gay.

So had he wanton'd three-score days and seven,
More blest, he thought, than any son of heaven :
Till on a morn, with sighs and streaming tears,
The train of nymphs before his bed appears ;
And thus the youngest of the sisters speaks,
Whilst a sad shower runs trickling down her cheeks :

‘ A custom which we cannot, dare not fail,
(Such are the laws that in our isle prevail,)
Compels us, prince ! to leave thee here alone,
Till thrice the sun his rising front has shewn :
Our parents, whom, alas ! we must obey,
Expect us at a splendid feast to-day ;
What joy to us can all their splendour give ?
With thee, with only thee, we wish to live.
Yet may we hope, these gardens will afford
Some pleasing solace to our absent lord !
Six golden keys, that ope yon blissful gates,
Where joy, eternal joy, thy steps awaits,
Accept : the seventh (but that you heard before)
Leads to a cave, where ravening monsters roar ;
A sullen, dire, inhospitable cell,
Where deathful spirits and magicians dwell,

Farewell, dear youth!—how will our bosoms burn
For the sweet moment of our blest return !'

The king, who wept, yet knew his tears were vain,
Took the seven keys, and kiss'd the parting train.
A glittering car, which bounding coursers drew,
They mounted strait, and through the forest flew.

The youth, unknowing how to pass the day,
Review'd the bowers, and heard the fountains play ;
By hands unseen what'er he wish'd was brought :
And pleasures rose obedient to his thought.
Yet all the sweets, that ravish'd him before,
Were tedious, now, and charm'd his soul no more :
Less lovely still, and still less gay they grew ;
He sigh'd, he wish'd, and long'd for something new :
Back to the hall he turn'd his weary feet,
And sat repining on his royal seat.
Now, on the seventh bright gate he casts his eyes ;
And in his bosom rose a bold surmise ;
' The nymph,' said he, ' was sure dispos'd to jest,
Who talk'd of dungeons in a place so blest :
What harm to open, if it be a cell
Where deathful spirits and magicians dwell ?
If dark or foul, I need not pass the door ;
If new or strange, my soul desires no more.'

He said, and rose ; then took the golden keys,
And op'd the door : the hinges mov'd with ease.

Before his eyes appear'd a sullen gloom,
Thick, hideous, wild ; a cavern, or a tomb.
Yet, as he longer gaz'd, he saw afar
A light that sparkled like a shooting star.
He paus'd : at last, by some kind angel led,
He enter'd ; and advanc'd, with cautious tread.
Still, as he walk'd, the light appear'd more clear ;
Hope sooth'd him, then, and scarcely left a fear.
At length an aged sire* surpris'd he saw,
Who fill'd his bosom with a sacred awe :
A book he held, which, as reclin'd he lay,
He read, assisted by a taper's ray ;
His beard, more white than snow on winter's breast,
Hung to the zone that bound his sable vest ?
A pleasing calmness on his brow was seen,
Mild was his look, majestic was his mien.
Soon as the youth approach'd the reverend sage,
He rais'd his head, and clos'd the serious page ;
Then spoke : ' O son ! what chance has turn'd thy feet
To this dull solitude, and lone retreat ?'
To whom the youth : ' First, holy father ! tell,
What force detains thee in this gloomy cell ?

* Religion.

This isle, this palace, and those balmy bowers,
Where six sweet fountains fall on living flowers,
Are mine ; a train of damsels chose me king,
And through my kingdom smiles perpetual spring.
For some important cause, to me unknown,
This day they left me joyless and alone ;
But, ere three morns with roses strow the skies,
My lovely brides will charm my longing eyes.'

' Youth,' said the sire, ' on this auspicious day
Some angel hither led thy erring way :
Hear a strange tale, and tremble at the snare ;
Which for thy steps thy pleasing foes prepare.
Know, in this isle prevails a bloody law ;
List, stripling, list ! (the youth stood fix'd with awe :)
But seventy days * the hapless monarchs reign,
Then close their lives in exile and in pain ;
Doom'd in a deep and frightful cave to rove,
Where darkness hovers o'er the iron grove.
Yet know, thy prudence and thy timely care
May save thee, son ! from this destructive snare.
Not far from this, a lovelier island † lies,
Too rich, too splendid, for unhallow'd eyes :
On that blest shore, a sweeter fountain flows
Than this vain clime, or this gay palace knows,

* The life of man.

† Heaven.

Which if thou taste, whate'er was sweet before
Will bitter seem, and steal thy soul no more.
But ere these happy waters thou canst reach,
Thy weary steps must pass yon rugged beach,
Where the dark sea * with angry billows raves,
And, fraught with monsters, curls his howling waves.
If to my words, obedient, thou attend,
Behold in me thy pilot and thy friend :
A bark I keep, supplied with plenteous store,
That now lies anchor'd on the rocky shore ;
And, when of all thy regal toys bereft,
In the rude cave an exile thou art left,
Myself will find thee on the gloomy lea,
And waft thee safely o'er the dangerous sea.'

The boy was fill'd with wonder as he spake,
And from a dream of folly seem'd to wake :
All day the sage his tainted thoughts refin'd ;
His reason brighten'd, and reform'd his mind :
Through the dim cavern hand in hand they walk'd,
And much of truth, and much of heav'n, they talk'd.
At night the stripling to the hall return'd ;
With other fires his alter'd bosom burn'd.
O! to his wiser soul how low, how mean,
Seem'd all he e'er had heard, had felt, had seen !

* Death.

He view'd the stars ; he view'd the crystal skies ;
And bless'd the Power All-good, All-great, All-wise.
How lowly now appear'd the purple robe,
The rubied sceptre, and the ivory globe !
How dim the rays that gild the brittle earth !
How vile the brood of Folly, and of Mirth !

When the third morning, clad in mantle gray,
Brought in her rosy car her seventieth day,
A band of slaves, who rush'd with furious sound,
In chains of steel the willing captive bound ;
From his young head the diadem they tore,
And cast his pearly bracelets on the floor ;
They rent his robe that bore the rose's hue,
And o'er his breast a hairy mantle threw ;
Then drag'd him to the damp and dreary cave,
Drench'd by the gloomy sea's surrounding wave.
Meanwhile the voices of a numerous crowd
Pierc'd the dun air, as thunder breaks a cloud :
The nymphs another hapless youth had found,
And then were leading o'er the guilty ground :
They hail'd him king, (alas, how short his reign !)
And with fresh chaplets strow'd the fatal plain.

The happy exile, monarch now no more,
Was roving slowly o'er the lonely shore ;

At last the sire's expected voice he knew,
And tow'rd the sound with hasty rapture flew.
The promis'd pinnacle just afloat he found,
And the glad sage his fetter'd hands unbound;
But when he saw the foaming billows rave,
And dragons rolling o'er the fiery wave,
He stop'd : his guardian caught his lingering hand,
And gently led him o'er the rocky strand ;
Soon as he touch'd the bark, the ocean smil'd,
The dragons vanish'd, and the waves were mild.

For many an hour with vigorous arms they row'd,
While not a star one friendly sparkle shew'd ;
At length a glimmering brightness they behold,
Like a thin cloud which morning dyes with gold :
To that they steer ; and now, rejoic'd, they view
A shore begirt with cliffs of radiant hue.
They land : a train, in shining mantles clad,
Hail their approach, and bid the youth be glad ;
They led him o'er the lea with easy pace,
And floated, as they went, with heavenly grace.
A golden fountain soon appear'd in sight,
That o'er the border cast a sunny light.

The sage, impatient, scoop'd the lucid wave
In a rich vase, which to the youth he gave :



He drank ; and straight a bright celestial beam
Before his eyes display'd a dazzling gleam ;
Myriads of airy shapes around him gaz'd ;
Some prais'd his wisdom, some his courage prais'd ;
Then o'er his limbs a starry robe they spread,
And plac'd a crown of diamonds on his head.

His aged guide was gone, and in his place
Stood a fair cherub flush'd with rosy grace ;
Who, smiling, spake : ' Here ever wilt thou rest,
Admir'd, belov'd, our brother and our guest ;
So all shall end, whom vice can charm no more
With the gay follies of that perilous shore.
See yon immortal towers their gates unfold,
With rubies flaming, and no earthly gold !
There joys, before unknown, thy steps invite ;
Bliss without care, and morn without a night.
But now farewell ! my duty calls me hence ;
Some injur'd mortal asks my just defence.
To yon pernicious island I repair,
Swift as a star.' He speaks, and melts in air.

The youth o'er walks of jasper takes his flight ;
And bounds and blazes in eternal light.

A SEA PIECE.

EXTRACTED FROM FALCONER'S POEM OF

THE SHIPWRECK.

A SHIP from Egypt, o'er the deep impell'd
By guiding winds, her course for Venice held ;
Of fam'd Britannia were the gallant crew,
And from that Isle her name the vessel drew.
Thrice had the sun, to rule the varying year,
Across th' equator roll'd his flaming sphere,
Since last the vessel spread her ample sail
From Albion's coast, obsequious to the gale.
She, o'er the spacious flood, from shore to shore,
Unwearying wafted her commercial store ;
The richest ports of Afric she had view'd,
Thence to fair Italy her course pursu'd ;
Had left behind Trinacria's burning isle,
And visited the margin of the Nile :
And now, that winter deepens round the pole,
The circling voyage hastens to its goal ;

They, blind to Fate's inevitable law,
No dark event to blast their hope foresaw ;
But from gay Venice soon expect to steer
For Britain's coast, and dread no perils near ;
A thousand tender thoughts their souls employ,
That fondly dance to scenes of future joy.

Thus time elaps'd, while o'er the pathless tide
Their ship thro' Grecian seas the pilots guide.
Occasion call'd to touch at Candia's shore,
Which, blest with favouring winds, they soon explore ;
The haven enter, borne before the gale,
Dispatch their commerce, and prepare to sail.

Eternal powers ! what ruins from afar
Mark the fell track of desolating war !
Here arts, and commerce, with auspicious reign,
Once breath'd sweet influence on the happy plain ;
While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,
Young Pleasure led the jocund hours along :
In gay luxuriance Ceres too was seen
To crown the vallies with eternal green :
For wealth, for valour, courted and revered,
What Albion is, fair Candia then appear'd .
Ah ! who the flight of ages can revoke ?
The free-born spirit of her sons is broke ;
They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke :

No longer Fame the drooping heart inspires,
For rude oppression quench'd its genial fires :
But still her fields, with golden harvests crown'd,
Supply the barren shores of Greece around.
What pale distress afflicts those wretched isles !
There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never smiles :
The vassal wretch obsequious drags his chain,
And hears his famish'd babes lament in vain.
These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil
A seventh year scorn the weary labourer's toil.
No blooming Venus, on the desert shore,
Now views, with triumph, captive gods adore ;
No lovely Helens now, with fatal charms,
Call forth th' avenging chiefs of Greece to arms ;
No fair Penelopea enchant the eye,
For whom contending kings are proud to die :
Here sullen beauty sheds a twilight ray,
While sorrow bids her vernal bloom decay :
Those charms, so long renown'd in classic strains,
Had dimly shone on Albion's happier plains !

Now, in the southern hemisphere, the sun
Thro' the bright Virgin, and the Scales, had run ;
And on th' Ecliptic wheel'd his winding way,
Till the fierce Scorpion felt his flaming ray.
The ship was moor'd beside the wave-worn strand ;
Four days her anchors bite the golden sand ;

For sickening vapours lull'd the air to sleep,
And not a breeze awakes the silent deep.
This, when th' autumnal equinox is o'er,
And Phœbus in the north declines no more,
The watchful mariner, whom heaven informs,
Oft deems the prelude of approaching storms.
True to his trust when sacred duty calls,
No brooding storm the master's soul appals ;
Th' advancing season warns him to the main,
A captive, fetter'd to the oar of gain :
His anxious heart, impatient of delay,
Expects the winds to sail from Candia's bay ;
Determin'd, from whatever point they rise,
To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.

O'er the gay vessel, and her daring band,
Experienc'd Albert held the chief command :
Tho' train'd in boisterous elements, his mind
Was yet by soft humanity refin'd :
Each joy of wedded love at home he knew ;
Aboard, confest the father of his crew !
The second powers and office Rodmond bore ;
A hardy son of England's farthest shore,
Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train
In sable squadrons o'er the northern main ;
That, with her pitchy entrails stor'd, resort,
A sooty tribe, to fair Augusta's port.

To Rodmond, next in order of command,
Succeeds the youngest of our naval band :
But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the sons of fame ?
While yet a stripling, oft with fond alarms,
His bosom danc'd to nature's boundless charms :
On him fair science dawn'd in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young fancy's flower ;
But frowning fortune, with untimely blast,
The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast.
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea,
With long farewell he left the laurel grove,
Where science and the tuneful sisters rove.
Permit my verse, ye blest Pierian train,
To call Arion this ill-fated swain ;
For, like that bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed.

Such were the pilots ; tutor'd to divine
Th' untravel'd course by geometric line ;
Train'd to command, and range the various sail,
Whose various force conforms to every gale.
Charg'd with the commerce, hither also came
A gallant youth, Palemon was his name :
A father's stern resentment doom'd to prove,
He came, the victim of unhappy love !

His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled,
For her a secret flame his bosom fed ;
Nor let the wretched slaves of folly scorn
This genuine passion, Nature's eldest born !
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
While blooming Anna mourn'd the cause in vain.*

These o'er th' inferior naval train preside,
The course determine, or the commerce guide :
O'er all the rest, an undistinguish'd crew,
Her wing of deepest shade Oblivion drew.

A sullen languor still the skies opprest,
And held th' unwilling ship in strong arrest :
High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day,
O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray :
Relax'd from toil, the sailors range the shore,
Where famine, war, and storm, are felt no more ;
The hour to social pleasure they resign,
And black remembrance drown in generous wine.

* The original poem is interwoven with a very beautiful episode of Palæmon and Anna, but our limits preclude an insertion of it in these extracts, the main object of which is to comprise the poet's nervous description of the various incidents, encountered by the ship in its progress, from the time of its unmooring, to the awful period of its parting asunder.

And lo! the shore with mournful prospects crown'd,*
The rampart torn with many a fatal wound,
The ruin'd bulwark tottering o'er the strand,
Bewail the stroke of war's tremendous hand...
What scenes of woe this hapless isle o'erspread,
Where late thrice fifty thousand warriors bled!
Full twice twelve summers were yon towers assail'd,
Till barbarous Ottoman at last prevail'd;
While thundering mines the lovely plains o'erturn'd,
While heroes fell, and domes and temples burn'd.
But now before them happier scenes arise,
Elysian vales salute their ravish'd eyes;
Olive and cedar form'd a grateful shade,
Where light, with gay romantic error, stray'd:
The myrtles here with fond caresses twine;
There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine:
And lo! the stream, renown'd in classic song,
Sad Lethe, glides the silent vale along.

The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanc'd obliquely o'er the woodland scene:
Creation smiles around; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their ev'ning lay;

* Alluding to the memorable siege of Candia, in 1669; then considered as impregnable, and esteemed the most formidable fortress in the universe.

Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain ;
The golden lime and orange there were seen,
On fragrant branches of perpetual green ;
The crystal streams that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave ;
The glassy ocean hush'd, forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore ;
And lo ! his surface, lovely to behold,
Glow in the west, a sea of living gold !
While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains ;
Above, beneath, around, enchantment reigns !
While yet the shades, on Time's eternal scale,
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale ;
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove,
With dying numbers, tune the soul to love :
With joyful eyes th' attentive master sees
Th' auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.

Now radiant Vesper leads the starry train,
And night slow draws her veil o'er land and main ;
Round the charg'd bowl the sailors form a ring ;
By turns recount the wond'rous tale, or sing,
As love or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine, awake the homely strain :

Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
While infant breezes from the shore arise :
The waning moon, behind a watery shroud,
Pale glimmer'd o'er the long-protracted cloud ;
A mighty ring around her silver throne,
With parting meteors cross'd, portentous shone.
This in the troubled sky full oft prevails ;
Oft deem'd a signal of tempestuous gales.

While young Arion sleeps, before his sight
Tumultuous swim the visions of the night.
Amid his fearful trance, a thundering sound
He hears,—and thrice the hollow decks rebound :
Upstarting from his couch, on deck he sprung,
Thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle rung ;
All hands unmoor! proclaims a boisterous cry ;
All hands unmoor! the cavern'd rocks reply :
Rous'd from repose, aloft the sailors swarm,
And with their levers soon the windlass arm :
The order given, up-springing with a bound,
They lodge the bars, and wheel their engine round :
At every turn the clanging pauls resound :
Up-torn reluctant from its oozy cave,
The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave :

Along the slippery masts the yards ascend,
And high in air the canvass wings extend :
Redoubling cords the lofty canvass guide,
And thro' inextricable mazes glide.
The lunar rays with long reflection gleam,
To light the vessel o'er the silver stream :
Along the glassy plane serene she glides,
While azure radiance trembles on her sides.
From east to north the transient breezes play,
And in th' Egyptian quarter soon decay.
A calm ensues; they dread th' adjacent shore ;
The boats, with rowers arm'd, are sent before :
With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow,
Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow :
The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend,
And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend :
Success attends their skill ; the danger's o'er !
The port is doubled, and beheld no more.

Now morn, her lamp pale glimmering on the sight,
Scatter'd before her van reluctant Night :
She comes, not in refulgent pomp array'd,
But sternly frowning, wrapt in sullen shade.
Above incumbent vapours, Ida's height,
Tremendous rock ! emerges on the sight :
North-east the guardian isle of Standia lies,
And westward, Freschin's woody capes arise.

With winning postures, now the wanton sails
Spread all their snares to charm th' inconstant gales ;
The swelling stud-sails now their wings extend,
Then stay-sails sidelong to the breeze ascend :
While all to court the wandering breeze are placed ;
With yards now thwarting, now obliquely braced.

The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,
And blot the sun, yet struggling in the cloud ;
Thro' the wide atmosphere, condens'd with haze,
His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze.
The pilots now their rules of art apply,
The mystic needle's devious aim to try.
The compass plac'd to catch the rising ray,
The quadrant's shadows studious they survey ;
Along the arch the gradual index slides,
While Phœbus down the vertic circle glides ;
Now, seen on ocean's utmost verge to swim,
He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
Their sage experience thus explores the height
And polar distance of the source of light :
Then thro' the chiliad's triple maze they trace
Th' analogy that proves the magnet's place :
The wayward steel, to truth thus reconcil'd,
No more th' attentive pilot's eye beguil'd.

The natives, while the ship departs the land,
Ashore with admiration gazing stand.

Majestically slow before the breeze,
In silent pomp she marches on the seas.
High o'er her poop, the flattering winds unfurl'd
Th' imperial flag that rules the wat'ry world.
Deep-blushing armours all the tops invest,
And warlike trophies either quarter dress'd :
Then tower'd the masts ; the canvass swell'd on high ;
And waving streamers floated in the sky.
Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
Like some fair virgin on her bridal day.
Thus like a swan she cleaves the wat'ry plain ;
The pride and wonder of th' Ægean main.

O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides,
Propell'd by gentle gales, the vessel glides :
Rodmond exulting felt th' auspicious wind,
And by a mystic charm its aim confin'd.
The thoughts of home, that o'er his fancy roll,
With trembling joy dilate Palemon's soul ;
Hope lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray
Distress recedes, and danger melts away.
Already Britain's parent-cliffs arise,
And in idea greet his longing eyes.

Tall Ida's summit now more distant grew,
And Jove's high hill was rising on the view :

When, from the left approaching, they descry
A liquid column towering shoot on high :
The foaming base an angry whirlwind sweeps,
Where curling billows rouse the fearful deeps :
Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
Scattering dun night and horror thro' the skies.
The swift volution, and th' enormous train,
Let sages vers'd in nature's lore explain.
The horrid apparition still draws nigh,
And white with foam the whirling surges fly.
The guns were prim'd ; the vessel northward veers,
Till her black battery on the column bears :
The nitre fir'd ; and, while the dreadful sound,
Convulsive, shook the slumbering air around,
The wat'ry volume, trembling to the sky,
Burst down, a dreadful deluge, from on high !
Th' affrighted surge, recoiling as it fell,
Rolling in hills disclos'd th' abyss of hell :
But soon, this transient undulation o'er,
The sea subsides ; the whirlwinds rage no more,
While southward now th' increasing breezes veer,
Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear.
In front they view the consecrated grove
Of cypress, sacred once to Cretan Jove.
The thirsty canvass, all around supply'd,
Still drinks unquench'd the full aerial tide.

And now, approaching near the lofty stern,
A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern ;
From burnish'd scales they beam refulgent rays,
'Till all the glowing ocean seems to blaze.
Soon to the sport of death the crew repair,
Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.
One in redoubling mazes wheels along,
And glides, unhappy ! near the triple prong :
Rodmond, unerring, o'er his head suspends
The barbed steel, and every turn attends :
Unerring aim'd, the missile weapon flew,
And, plunging, struck the fatal victim through :
Th' upturning points his wondrous bulk sustain ;
On deck he struggles with convulsive pain :
But while his heart the fatal jav'lin thrills,
And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
What radiant changes strike th' astonish'd sight !
What glowing hues of mingled shade and light !
Not equal beauties gild the lucid west,
With parting beams all o'er profusely drest ;
Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn,
When orient dew's impearl th' enamell'd lawn ;
Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
That now with gold empyreal seem to glow ;
Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
And emulate the soft celestial hue ;

Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye ;
And now assume the purple's deeper dye.
But here, description clouds each shining ray :
What terms of art can nature's powers display ?

Now, while on high the fresh'ning gale she feels,
The ship beneath her lofty pressure reels :
Th' auxiliar sails, that court a gentle breeze,
From their high stations sink by slow degrees :
The watchful ruler of the helm no more
With fix'd attention eyes th' adjacent shore,
But by the oracle of truth below,
The wond'rous magnet, guides the wayward prow.
The wind, that still th' impressive canvass swell'd,
Swift and more swift the yielding bark impell'd.
Impatient thus she glides along the coast,
'Till far behind the hill of Jove is lost :
And, while aloof from Retimo she steers,
Malacca's foreland full in front appears.

But see ! in confluence borne before the blast,
Clouds roll'd on clouds the dusky noon o'ercast ;
The black'ning ocean curls ; the winds arise ;
And the dark scud in swift succession flies.
While the swoln canvass bends the masts on high,
Low in the waves the leeward cannon lie.

The sailors now, to give the ship relief,
Reduce the topsails by a single reef.
Each lofty yard with slacken'd cordage reels ;
Rattle the creaking blocks, and ringing wheels.
Down the tall masts the topsails sink amain ;
And, soon reduc'd, assume their post again.
More distant grew receding Candia's shore ;
And southward of the west Cape Spado bore.

Four hours the sun his high meridian throne
Had left, and o'er Atlantic regions shone ;
Still blacker clouds, that all the skies invade,
Draw o'er his sullied orb a dismal shade :
A squall deep-low'ring blots the southern sky,
Before whose boist'rous breath the waters fly :
Its weight the top-sails can no more sustain ;
Reef top-sails, reef! the boatswain calls again :
The halyards and top-bow-lines soon are gone ;
To clue-lines and reef-tackles next they run :
The shivering sails descend ; and now they square
The yards, while ready sailors mount in air :
The weather-earings and the lee they past,
The reefs enroll'd, and every point made fast.
Their task above thus finish'd, they descend,
And vigilant th' approaching squall attend :
It comes resistless ! and with foaming sweep,
Upturns the whitening surface of the deep :

In such a tempest, borne to deeds of death,
The wayward Sisters scour the blasted heath.
With ruin pregnant now the clouds impend,
And storm and cataract tumultuous blend.
Deep on her side the reeling vessel lies :
Brail up the mizen quick ! the master cries,
Man the clue-garnets ! let the main-sheet fly !
The boisterous squall still presses from on high ;
And swift, and fatal as the lightning's course,
Thro' the torn main-sail bursts with thund'ring force !
While the rent canvass flutter'd in the wind,
Still on the flank the stooping bark inclin'd,
Bear up the helm a-weather ! Rodmond cries ;
Swift, at the word, the helm a-weather flies :
The prow with secret instinct veers apace ;
And now the fore-sail right athwart they brace :
With equal sheets restrain'd, the bellying sail
Spreads a broad concave to the sweeping gale.
While o'er the foam the ship impetuous flies,
Th' attentive timoneer the helm applies :
As in pursuit along th' aerial way,
With ardent eye, the falcon marks his prey,
Each motion watches of the doubtful chase,
Obliquely wheeling thro' the liquid space ;
So, govern'd by the steersman's glowing hands,
The regent helm her motion still commands.

But now, the transient squall to leeward past,
Again she rallies to the sullen blast :
The helm to starboard turns ; with wings inclin'd,
The sidelong canvass clasps the faithless wind :
The mizen draws ; she springs aloof once more,
While the fore-stay-sail balances before.
The fore-sail braced obliquely to the wind,
They near the prow th' extended tack confin'd :
Then on the leeward sheet the seamen bend,
And haul the bow-line to the bowsprit end.
To top-sails next they haste ; the bunt-lines gone,
The clue-lines thro' their wheel'd machinery run :
On either side below the sheets are man'd ;
Again the fluttering sails their skirts expand ;
Once more the top-sails, tho' with humbler plume,
Mounting aloft, their ancient posts resume ;
Again the bow-lines and the yards are braced,
And all th' entangled cords in order placed.

The sail, by whirlwinds thus so lately rent,
In tatter'd ruins fluttering is unbent :
With brails refix'd, another soon prepar'd,
Ascending, spreads along beneath the yard :
To each yard-arm the head-rope they extend,
And soon their earings and the robans bend.
That task perform'd, they first the braces slack,
Then to its station drag th' unwilling tack ;

And while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,
Taught aft the sheet, they tally and belay.

Now to the north, from Afric's burning shore,
A troop of porpoises their course explore ;
In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide :
Their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain,
That burn in sparkling trails along the main.
These fleetest coursers of the finny race,
When threat'ning clouds th' ethereal vault deface,
Their rout to leeward still sagacious form,
To shun the fury of th' approaching storm.

Fair Candia now no more beneath her lee
Protects the vessel from th' insulting sea ;
Round her broad arms, impatient of controul,
Rous'd from their secret deeps the billows roll :
Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly shore,
And all the scene an hostile aspect wore.
The flattering wind, that late with promis'd aid,
From Candia's bay th' unwilling ship betray'd,
No longer fawns beneath the fair disguise,
But like a ruffian on his quarry flies :
Tost on the tide, she feels the tempest blow,
And dreads the vengeance of so fell a foe.

As the proud horse, with costly trappings gay,
Exulting prances to the bloody fray ;
Spurning the ground, he glories in his might,
But reels tumultuous in the shock of fight :
E'en so, caparison'd in gaudy pride,
The bounding vessel dances on the tide.

Fierce and more fierce the southern demon blew,
And more incens'd the roaring waters grew :
The ship no longer can her top-sails spread,
And every hope of fairer skies is fled.
Bow-lines and halyards are relax'd again ;
Clue-lines haul'd down, and sheets let fly amain ;
Clued up each top-sail, and by braces squar'd,
The seamen climb aloft on either yard ;
They furl'd the sail, and pointed to the wind
The yards, by rolling tackles then confin'd :
While o'er the ship the gallant boatswain flies,
Like a hoarse mastiff thro' the storm he cries ;
Prompt to direct th' unskilful still appears ;
Th' expert he praises, and the fearful cheers.
Now some to strike top-gallant yards attend ;
Some, travellers up the weather-back-stays send ;
At each mast-head the top-ropes others bend.
The youngest sailors from the yards above
Their parrels, lifts, and braces soon remove ;

Then topt an end, and to the trav'lers tied,
Charg'd with their sails, they down the back-stays slide :
The yards secure along the booms reclin'd,
While some the flying cords aloft confin'd.
Their sails reduced, and all the rigging clear,
Awhile the crew relax from toils severe ;
Awhile their spirits, with fatigue oppress,
In vain expect th' alternate hour of rest :
But with redoubling force the tempests blow,
And wat'ry hills in fell succession flow :
A dismal shade o'ercasts the frowning skies ;
New troubles grow ; new difficulties rise ;
No season this from duty to descend !
All hands on deck, th' eventful hour attend.

His race perform'd, the sacred lamp of day
Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray :
His sick'ning fires, half lost in ambient haze,
Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze :
Till deep immerg'd the languid orb declines,
And now to cheerless night the sky resigns.
Sad evening's hour, how different from the past !
No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast ;
No ray of friendly light is seen around :
The moon and stars in hopeless shade are drown'd.

The ship no longer can her courses bear :
To reef the courses is the master's care :

The sailors, summon'd aft, a daring band,
Attend th' unfolding brails at his command :
But here the doubtful officers dispute,
'Till skill and judgment prejudice confute.
Rodmond, whose genius never soar'd beyond
The narrow rules of art his youth had con'd,
Still to the hostile fury of the wind
Releas'd the sheet, and kept the tack confin'd ;
To long-tried practice obstinately warm,
He doubts conviction, and relies on form :
But the sage master this advice declines ;
With whom Arion in opinion joins.
' The watchful seaman, whose sagacious eye
On sure experience may with truth rely,
Who from the reigning cause foretells th' effect,
This barbarous practice ever will reject :
For, fluttering loose in air, the rigid sail
Soon flits to ruins in the furious gale :
And he, who strives the tempest to disarm,
Will never first embrail the lee yard-arm.'
The master said :—obedient to command,
To raise the tack the ready sailors stand :
Gradual it loosens, while th' involving clue,
Swell'd by the wind, aloft unruffling flew :
The sheet and weather-brace they now stand by ;
The lee clue-garnet, and the bunt-lines ply :

Then, all prepar'd, *Let go the sheet!* he cries :
Impetuous round the ringing wheels it flies ;
Shiv'ring at first, till by the blast impell'd,
High o'er the lee yard-arm the canvass swell'd ;
By spilling lines embraced, with brails confin'd,
It lies at length unshaken by the wind.
The fore-sail then secured, with equal care
Again to reef the main-sail they repair :
While some high-mounted over-haul the tye,
Below, the down-haul tackle others ply :
Jears, lifts, and brails, a seaman each attends,
Along the mast the willing yard descends :
When lower'd sufficient, they securely brace,
And fix the rolling tackle in its place.
The reef-lines and their earings now prepared,
Mounting on pliant shrouds, they man the yard :
Far on th' extremes two able hands appear,
Arion there, the hardy boatswain here ;
That, in the van to front the tempest hung ;
This round the lee yard-arm, ill-omen'd ! clung :
Each earing to his station first they bend ;
The reef-band then along the yard extend :
The circling earings, round th' extremes entwin'd,
By outer and by inner turns they bind :
From hand to hand, the reef-lines next receiv'd,
Thro' eye-let holes and roban-legs were reev'd.

The reef in double folds involv'd they lay ;
Strain the firm cord, and either end belay.

Hadst thou, Arion ! held the leeward post,
While on the yard by mountain billows tost,
Perhaps oblivion o'er our tragic tale
Had then for ever drawn her dusky veil ;
But ruling Heaven prolong'd thy vital date,
Severer ills to suffer, and relate.

For while their orders those aloft attend,
To furl the main-sail, or on deck descend,
A sea, up-surg'ing with tremendous roll ;
To instant ruin seems to doom the whole :
O friends, secure your hold ! Arion cries :
It comes all dreadful, stooping from the skies !
Uplifted on its horrid edge, she feels
The shock, and on her side half-buried reels :
The sail, half-buried in the whelming wave,
A fearful warning to the seamen gave :
While from its margin, terrible to tell !
Three sailors with their gallant boatswain fell.
Torn with resistless fury from their hold,
In vain their struggling arms the yard enfold ;
In vain to grapple flying cords they try ;
The cords, alas ! a solid gripe deny !

Prone on the midnight surge, with panting breath
They cry for aid, and long contend with death :
High o'er their heads the rolling billows sweep,
And down they sink in everlasting sleep.
Bereft of power to help, their comrades see
The wretched victims die beneath the lee ;
With fruitless sorrow their lost state bemoan ;
Perhaps a fatal prelude to their own.

In dark suspense on deck the pilots stand,
Nor can determine on the next command :
Tho' still they knew the vessel's armed side
Impenetrable to the clasping tide ;
Tho' still the waters, by no secret wound,
A passage to her deep recesses found ;
Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er,
A storm, a dangerous sea, and leeward shore !
Should they, tho' reef'd, again their sails extend,
Again in fluttering fragments they may rend :
Or should they stand, beneath the dreadful strain
The down-prest ship may never rise again ;
Too late to weather now Morea's land,
Yet verging fast to Athens' rocky strand.
Thus they lament the consequence severe,
Where perils unallay'd by hope appear :

Long in their minds revolving each event,
At last to furl the courses they consent;
That done, to reef the mizen next agree,
And try beneath it sidelong in the sea.

Now down the mast the sloping yard declin'd,
Till by the jears and topping-lift confin'd,
The head, with doubling canvass fenc'd around,
In balance, near the lofty peak they bound :
The reef enwrapt, th' inserted knittles tied ;
To hoist the shorten'd sail again they hied :
The order given, the yard aloft they sway'd,
The brails relax'd, th' extended sheet belay'd :
The helm its post forsook, and, lash'd a-lee,
Inclin'd the wayward prow to front the sea.

As yet, amid this elemental war,
That scatters desolation from afar,
Nor toil, nor hazard, nor distress, appear
To sink the seamen with unmanly fear :
Tho' their firm hearts no pageant honour boast,
They scorn the wretch that trembles at his post ;
Who from the face of danger strives to turn,
Indignant from the social hour they spurn :
Tho' now full oft they felt the raging tide
In proud rebellion climb the vessel's side,

No future ills unknown their souls appal :
They know no danger, or they scorn it all !
But e'en the generous spirits of the brave,
Subdued by toil, a friendly respite crave ;
A short repose alone their thoughts implore,
Their harass'd powers by slumber to restore.

Far other cares the master's mind employ ;
Approaching perils all his hopes destroy.
In vain he spreads the graduated chart,
And bounds the distance by the rules of art ;
In vain athwart the mimic seas expands
The compasses to circumjacent lands :
Ungrateful task ! for no asylum traced,
A passage open'd from the wat'ry waste :
Fate seem'd to guard, with adamantine mound,
The path to every friendly port around.
While Albert thus, with secret doubts dismay'd,
The geometric distances survey'd,
On deck the watchful Rodmond cries aloud,
Secure your lives ! grasp every man a shroud !
Roused from his trance, he mounts with eyes aghast ;
When o'er the ship, in undulation vast,
A giant surge down-rushes from on high,
And fore and aft dis sever'd ruins lie.
As when, Britannia's empire to maintain,
Great Hawke descends in thunder on the main,

Around the brazen voice of battle roars,
And fatal lightnings blast the hostile shores ;
Beneath the storm their shatter'd navies groan,
The trembling deeps recoil from zone to zone :
Thus the torn vessel felt th' enormous stroke,
The boats beneath the thundering deluge broke ;
Forth-started from their planks the bursting rings,
Th' extended cordage all asunder springs ;
The pilot's fair machinery strews the deck,
And cards and needles swim in floating wreck ;
The balanc'd mizen, rending to the head,
In streaming ruins from the margin fled ;
The sides convulsive shook on groaning beams,
And, rent with labour, yawn'd the pitchy seams.
They sound the well, and, terrible to hear !
Five feet immers'd along the line appear !
At either pump they ply the clanking brake,
And, turn by turn, th' ungrateful office take :
Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon, here,
At this sad task all diligent appear :
But all in vain ! for now the sounding cord,
Updrawn, an undiminish'd depth explor'd :
Nor this severe distress is found alone ;
The ribs, oppress'd by pond'rous cannon, groan :
Deep rolling from the wat'ry volume's height,
The tortur'd sides seem bursting with their weight.

So reels Pelorus with convulsive throes,
When in his veins the burning earthquake glows:
Hoarse thro' his entrails roars th' infernal flame,
And central thunders rend his groaning frame:
Accumulated mischiefs thus arise,
And fate, vindictive, all their skill defies:
One only remedy the season gave,
To plunge the nerves of battle in the wave:
From their high platforms thus th' artillery thrown,
Eas'd of their load, the timbers less shall groan:
But arduous is the task their lot requires;
A task that hovering fate alone inspires!
For, while intent the yawning decks to ease,
That ever and anon are drench'd with seas,
Some fatal billow, with recoiling sweep,
May whirl the helpless wretches in the deep.

No season this for counsel or delay;
Too soon th' eventful moments haste away!
Here Perseverance, with each help of art,
Must join the boldest efforts of the heart;
These only now their misery can relieve,
These only now a dawn of safety give.

The ship, thus eased, some little respite finds
In this rude conflict of the seas and winds.

Such ease Alcides felt, when, clog'd with gore,
Th' envenom'd mantle from his side he tore;
When, stung with burning pain, he strove too late,
To stop the swift career of cruel fate:
Yet then his heart one ray of hope procured,
Sad harbinger of sevenfold pangs endured:
Such, and so short, the pause of woe she found!
Cimmerian darkness shades the deep around,
Save when the lightnings, gleaming on the sight,
Flash through the gloom a pale disastrous light:
Above, all ether, fraught with scenes of wo,
With grim destruction threatens all below;
Beneath, the storm-lash'd surges furious rise,
And wave uproll'd on wave assails the skies;
With ever-floating bulwarks they surround
The ship, half-swallow'd in the black profound.

With ceaseless hazard and fatigue oppress,
Dismay and anguish every heart possess;
For, while with boundless inundation, o'er
The sea-beat ship th' involving waters roar,
Displaced beneath by her capacious womb,
They rage their ancient station to resume:
By secret ambushes their force to prove,
Thro' many a winding channel first they rove;
Till, gathering fury, like the fever'd blood,
Thro' her dark veins they roll a rapid flood:

While unrelenting thus the leaks they found,
The pumps with ever-clanking strokes resound:
Around each leaping valve, by toil subdu'd,
The tough bull-hide must ever be renew'd:
Their sinking hearts unusual horrors chill,
And down their weary limbs thick dews distill:
No ray of light their dying hope redeems!
Pregnant with some new woe, each moment teems!

Again the chief th' instructive draught extends,
And o'er the figur'd plane attentive bends;
To him the motion of each orb was known
That wheels around the sun's refulgent throne:
But here, alas! his science nought avails!
Art droops unequal, and experience fails.
The different traverses, since twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid;
Then the broad angle of lee-way explored,
As swept across the graduated chord.
Her place discover'd by the rules of art,
Unusual terrors shook the master's heart,
When Falconera's rugged isle he found
Within her drift, with shelves and breakers bound;
For, if on those destructive shallows tost,
The helpless bark with all her crew are lost:
As fatal still appears, that danger o'er,
The steep St. George, and rocky Gardalor.

With him the pilots, of their hopeless state,
In mournful consultation, long debate.

Still in the yawning trough the vessel reels,
Ingulf'd beneath two fluctuating hills;
On either side they rise, tremendous scene!
A long dark melancholy vale between:
The balanc'd ship, now forward, now behind,
Still felt th' impression of the waves and wind,
And to the right and left by turns inclin'd:
But Albert from behind the balance drew,
And on the prow its double efforts threw.
The order now was given to *bear away!*
The order given, the timoneers obey:
High o'er the bowsprit stretch'd the tortur'd sail,
As on the rack, distends beneath the gale.
But scarce the yielding prow its impulse knew,
When in a thousand flitting shreds it flew!
Yet Albert new resources still prepares,
And, bridling grief, redoubles all his cares.
Away there! lower the mizen-yard on deck!
(He calls) *and brace the foremost yards aback!*
His great example every bosom fires,
New life rekindles, and new hope inspires,
While to the helm unfaithful still she lies,
One desperate remedy at last he tries,
Haste with your weapons! cut the shrouds and stay:
And hew at once the mizen-mast away!

He said: th' attentive sailors on each side,
At his command, the trembling cords divide:
Fast by the fated pine bold Rodmond stands,
Th' impatient axe hung gleaming in his hands,
Brandish'd on high, it fell with dreadful sound,
The tall mast groaning, felt the deadly wound;
Deep gash'd with sores, the tottering structure rings,
And crashing, thund'ring, o'er the quarter swings.
Thus, when some limb, convuls'd with pangs of death,
Imbibes the gangrene's pestilential breath,
Th' experienc'd artist from the blood betrays
The latent venom, or its course delays:
But if th' infection triumphs o'er his art,
Tainting the vital stream that warms the heart,
Resolv'd at last, he quits th' unequal strife,
Severs the member, and preserves the life.

Awhile the mast, in ruins drag'd behind,
Balanced th' impression of the helm and wind:
The wounded serpent, agonized with pain,
Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain:
But now the wreck dissever'd from the rear,
The long reluctant prow began to veer;
And while around before the wind it falls,
Square all the yards! th' attentive master calls.
' You, timoneers, her motion still attend!
For on your steerage all our lives depend!

So, steady ! meet her ! watch the blast behind,
And steer her right before the seas and wind !'
Starboard again ! the watchful pilot cries ;
Starboard ! th' obedient timoneer replies :
Then to the left the ruling helm returns ;
The wheel revolves ; the ringing axle burns.
The ship no longer foundering by the lee,
Bears on her side th' invasions of the sea :
All lonely o'er the desert waste she flies,
Scourg'd on by surges, storms, and bursting skies :
As when the masters of the lance assail,
In Hyperborean seas, the slumbering whale ;
Soon as the javelins pierce his scaly hide,
With anguish stung, he cleaves the downward tide ;
In vain he flies ! no friendly respite found,
His life-blood gushes thro' th' inflaming wound :
The wounded bark, thus smarting with her pain,
Scuds from pursuing waves along the main ;
While, dash'd apart by her dividing prow,
Like burning adamant the waters glow ;
Her joints forget their firm elastic tone,
Her long keel trembles, and her timbers groan :
Upheav'd behind her, in tremendous height,
The billows frown, with fearful radiance bright ;
Now shivering o'er the topmost wave she rides,
While deep beneath th' enormous gulf divides ;

Now launching headlong down the horrid vale,
She hears no more the roaring of the gale ;
Till up the dreadful height again she flies,
Trembling beneath the current of the skies.

To guide her wayward course amid the gloom,
The watchful pilots different posts assume :
Albert and Rodmond, station'd on the rear,
With warning voice direct each timoneer ;
High on the prow the guard Arion keeps,
To shun the cruisers wandering o'er the deeps ;
Where'er he moves Palemon still attends,
As if on him his only hope depends ;
While Rodmond, fearful of some neighbouring shore,
Cries, ever and anon, *Look out afore!*

Four hours thus scudding on the tide she flew,
When Falconera's rocky height they view :
High o'er its summit, thro' the gloom of night,
The glimmering watch-tower cast a mournful light :
In dire amazement rivetted they stand,
And hear the breakers lash the rugged strand :
But soon beyond this shore the vessel flies,
Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the skies.
That danger past, reflects a feeble joy ;
But soon returning fears their hope destroy.

Thus, in th' Atlantic, oft the sailor eyes,
While melting in the reign of softer skies,
Some alp of ice, from polar regions blown,
Hail the glad influence of a warmer zone,
Its frozen cliffs attemper'd gales supply ;
In cooling streams th' aerial billows fly ;
Awhile delivered from the scorching heat,
In gentler tides the feverish pulses beat.
So, when their trembling vessel pass'd this isle,
Such visionary joys the crew beguile ;
Th' illusive meteors of a lifeless fire,
Too soon they kindle, and too soon expire !

Now, borne impetuous o'er the boiling deeps,
Her course to Attic shores the vessel keeps ;
The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,
Still with the wheeling stern their force repel ;
For this assault should either quarter feel,
Again to flank the tempest she might reel :
The steersmen every bidden turn apply ;
To right and left, the spokes alternate fly.
High o'er the poop th' audacious seas aspire,
Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire :
Now thunders, wafted from the burning zone,
Growl from afar, a deaf and hollow groan !
The ship's high battlements, to either side
For ever rocking, drink the briny tide ;

Her joints unhing'd, in palsied languors play,
As ice dissolves beneath the noon-tide ray ;
The skies asunder torn, a deluge pour ;
Th' impetuous hail descends in whirling shower ;
High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze ;
Th' ethereal dome, in mournful pomp array'd,
Now lurks behind impenetrable shade ;
Now, flashing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the terrors of the night.
Such terror Sinai's quaking hill o'erspread,
When Heav'n's loud trumpet sounded o'er its head :
It seem'd, the wrathful Angel of the wind
Had all the horrors of the skies combin'd,
And here, to one ill-fated ship opposed,
At once the dreadful magazine disclosed.
And lo ! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
Th' inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings ;
Hark ! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks,
Mad chaos from the chains of death awakes :
Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge,
And blue on deck their blazing sides discharge :
There, all aghast, the shivering wretches stood,
While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their blood :
Now in a deluge bursts the living flame,
And dread concussion rends th' ethereal frame ;

Sick earth, convulsive, groans from shore to shore,
And nature, shuddering, feels the horrid roar.

Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,
Reveal'd in all its mournful shade and light;
Swift through my pulses glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on th' electric wire:
But ah! the force of numbers strives in vain,
The glowing scene unequal to sustain.

But lo! at last, from tenfold darkness borne,
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping morn.
Hail, sacred vision! who, on orient wings,
The cheerful dawn of light propitious brings!
All nature smiling hail'd the vivid ray,
That gave her beauties to returning day:
All but our ship, that groaning on the tide,
No kind relief, no gleam of hope descri'd!
For now in front, her trembling inmates see
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee.
So the lost lover views that fatal morn,
On which, for ever from his bosom torn,
The nymph ador'd resigns her blooming charms,
To bless with love some happier rival's arms;
So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day,
That tore Æneas from her arms away;
That saw him parting, never to return,
Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.

O yet in clouds, thou genial source of light,
Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight!
Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain,
And gild the scenes where health and pleasure reign ;
But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam
Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme!

While shoreward now the bounding vessel flies,
Full in her van St. George's cliffs arise ;
High o'er the rest a pointed crag is seen,
That hung projecting o'er a mossy green ;
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
And all their skill relentless fates oppose ;
For while more eastward they direct the prow,
Enormous waves the quivering deck o'erflow :
While, as she wheels, unable to subdue
Her sallies, still they dread her breaching-to :
Alarming thought! for now no more a-lee
Her riven side could bear th' invading sea ;
And if the following surge she scuds before,
Headlong she runs upon the dreadful shore ;
A shore where shelves and hidden rocks abound,
Where death in secret ambush lurks around.
Far less dismay'd, Anchises' wand'ring son
Was seen the straits of Sicily to shun,
When Palinurus, from the helm, descry'd
The rocks of Scylla on his eastern side ;

While in the west, with hideous yawn disclosed,
His onward path Charybdis' gulf opposed :
The double danger, as by turns he view'd,
His wheeling bark her arduous track pursu'd.
Thus, while to right and left destruction lies,
Between th' extremes the daring vessel flies ;
With boundless involution, bursting o'er
The marble cliffs, loud dashing surges roar ;
Hoarse thro' each winding creek the tempest raves,
And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves.
Destruction round th' insatiate coast prepares,
To crush the trembling ship, unnumber'd snares :
But haply now she 'scapes the fatal strand,
Tho' scarce ten fathoms distant from the land.
Swift as the weapon issuing from the bow,
She cleaves the burning waters with her prow ;
And forward leaping, with tumultuous haste,
As on the tempest's wing, the isle she past.

With longing eyes, and agony of mind,
The sailors view the refuge left behind ;
Happy to bribe, with India's richest ore,
A safe accession to that barren shore !—
When in the dark Peruvian mine confin'd,
Lost to the cheerful commerce of mankind,
The groaning captive wastes his life away,
For ever exil'd from the realms of day,

Not equal pangs his bosom agonize,
When far above the sacred light he eyes !
While, all forlorn, the victim pines in vain
For scenes he never shall possess again.

But now Athenian mountains they descry,
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high ;
Beside the cape's projecting verge is placed
A range of columns, long by time defaced ;
First planted by devotion, to sustain,
In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane.
And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,
Thro' the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
A flash, quick glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night !
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touch'd with compassion, gaz'd upon the blind ;
And, while around his sad companions crowd,
He guides th' unhappy victim to the shroud :
Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend ! he cries ;
Thy only succour on the mast relies !
The helm bereft of half its vital force,
Now scarce subdued the wild unbridled course.
Quick to th' abandon'd wheel Arion came,
The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim :
Amazed he saw her, o'er the sounding foam
Upborne, to right and left distracted roam.

So gaz'd young Phaëton, with pale dismay,
When mounted on the flaming car of day,
With rash and impious hand the stripling tried
Th' immortal coursers of the sun to guide.

The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly :
Fate spurs her on !—Thus, issuing from afar,
Advances to the sun some blazing star ;
And, as it feels attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated course.

With mournful look the seamen ey'd the strand,
Where Death's inexorable jaws expand :
Swift from their minds elaps'd all dangers past,
As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last.
Now on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,
In mute suspense they mount into the wind.
The Genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
The black eventful moment seem'd to bring ;
The fatal Sisters on the surge before,
Yok'd their infernal horses to the prore.
The steersman now receiv'd their last command,
To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand.
Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
High on the platform of the top ascend :

Fatal retreat ! for, while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down-prest by wat'ry weight, the bowsprit bends,
And from above the stem deep-crashing rends :
Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie ;
The foremast totters, unsustain'd on high ;
And now the ship, forelifted by the sea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee ;
While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
Drags the main-topmast from its post away :
Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain,
Thro' hostile floods, their vessel to regain ;
The waves they buffet, till bereft of strength,
O'erpower'd, they yield to cruel fate at length :
The hostile waters close around their head ;
They sink ! for ever number'd with the dead !

Those who remain, their fearful doom await,
Nor longer mourn their lost companions' fate :
The heart that bleeds with sorrow all its own,
Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan.
Albert, and Rodmond, and Palemon here,
With young Arion, on the mast appear ;
E'en they, amid th' unspeakable distress,
In every look distracting thoughts confess,

In every vein the reflux blood congeals,
And every bosom fatal terror feels ;
Inclos'd with all the demons of the main,
They view'd th' adjacent shore, but view'd in vain.
Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,
Where sad despair laments with rueful yell,
Such torments agonize the damned breast,
While fancy views the mansions of the blest.

And now, lash'd on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught, the dreadful scene draws near !
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath !
In vain, alas ! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore ;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death :
Ev'n Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyss had shudder'd to behold :
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue famed,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
Beheld this scene of frenzy and distress,
His soul had trembled to its last recess.
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove ;

The tottering frame of reason yet sustain ;
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain.

In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For now th' audacious seas insult the yard ;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst in terrible cascade :
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shatter'd top half buried in the skies ;
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground :
Earth groans ! air trembles ! and the deeps resound !
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And, quivering with the wound, in torment, reels.
So reels, convulsed with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murd'rer's blows.
Again she plunges ! hark ! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock !
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
In wild despair ; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion rends the solid oak !
Till, like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn, her frame divides !
And crashing, spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

Oh, were it mine with tuneful Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart ;

Like him the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress !
Then, too severely taught by cruel fate
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I, with unrivall'd strains, deplore
Th' impervious horrors of a leeward shore.

As o'er the surge the stooping main-mast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung :
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast ;
Awhile they bore th' o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage ;
Till all benumb'd, and feeble, they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below :
Some, from the main yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan :
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend ;
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath th' involving tide ;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive ;
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And prest the stony beach, a lifeless crew !

TERIBAZUS AND ARIANA.

FROM GLOVER'S POEM OF LEONIDAS.

AMID the van of Persia was a youth,
Nam'd Teribazus ; not for golden stores,
Not for wide pastures, travers'd o'er by herds,
By fleece-abounding sheep, or gen'rous steeds,
Nor yet for pow'r, nor splendid honours, fam'd.
Rich was his mind in every art divine ;
Through every path of science had he walk'd,
The votary of wisdom. In the years
When tender down invests the ruddy cheek,
He with the Magi turn'd the hallow'd page
Of Zoroastres. Then his tow'ring thoughts
High on the plumes of contemplation soar'd :
He, from the lofty Babylonian fane,
With learned Chaldeans trac'd the heav'nly sphere ;
There number'd o'er the vivid fires which gleam
On night's bespangled bosom. Nor unheard
Were Indian sages from sequester'd bow'rs,

While on the banks of Ganges they disclos'd
The pow'rs of nature, whether in the woods,
The fruitful glebe, or flow'r, the healing plant,
The limpid waters, or the ambient air,
Or in the purer element of fire.
The realm of old Sesostris next he view'd,
Mysterious Ægypt, with her hidden rites
Of Isis and Osiris. Last he sought
Th' Ionian Greeks, from Athens sprung; nor pass'd
Miletus by, which once in rapture heard
The tongue of Thales; nor Priene's walls,
Where wisdom dwelt with Bias; nor the seat
Of Pittacus, revered on Lesbian shores.

Th' enlighten'd youth to Susa now return'd,
Place of his birth. His merit soon was dear
To Hyperanthes. It was now the time
That discontent and murmur on the banks
Of Nile were loud and threat'ning. Chembes there
The only faithful stood, a potent lord,
Whom Xerxes held by promis'd nuptial ties
With his own blood. To this Ægyptian prince
Bright Ariana was the destin'd spouse,
From the same bed with Hyperanthes born.
Among her guards was Teribazus nam'd
By that fond brother, tender of her weal.

Th' Egyptian boundaries they gain, They hear
Of insurrection, of the Pharian tribes
In arms, and Chembes in the tumult slain.
They pitch their tents, at midnight are assail'd,
Surpris'd, their leaders massacred, the slaves
Of Ariana captives borne away,
Her own pavilion forc'd, her person seiz'd
By ruffian hands; when timely, to redeem
Her and th' invaded camp from further spoil,
Flies Teribazus with a rally'd band,
Swift on her chariot seats the royal fair,
Nor waits the dawn. Of all her menial train
None but three female slaves are left. Her guide,
Her comforter and guardian, fate provides
In him, distinguish'd by his worth alone,
No prince, nor satrap, now the single chief
Of her surviving guard. Of regal birth,
But with excelling graces in her soul,
Unlike an eastern princess, she inclines
To his consoling, his instructive tongue,
An humbled ear. Amid the converse sweet,
Her charms, her mind, her virtues, he explores,
Admiring. Soon his admiration chang'd
To love; nor loves he sooner, than despairs.
From morn till ev'n her passing wheels he guards
Back to Euphrates. Often, as she mounts,

Or quits the car, his arm her weight sustains
With trembling pleasure. His assiduous hand
From purest fountains wafts the living flood.
Nor seldom, by the fair-one's soft command,
Would he repose him, at her feet reclin'd ;
While o'er his lips her lovely forehead bow'd,
Won by his graceful eloquence, which sooth'd
With sweet variety the tedious march,
Beguiling time. He too would then forget
His pains awhile, in raptures vain entranc'd ;
Delusion all, the fleeting rays of joy,
Soon overcast by more intense despair.
Like wintry clouds, which, op'ning for a time,
Tinge their black folds with gleams of scatter'd light,
Then, swiftly closing, on the brow of morn
Condense their horrors, and in thickest gloom
The ruddy beauty veil. They now approach
The tow'r of Belus. Hyperanthes leads
Through Babylon an army to chastise
The crime of *Ægypt*. Teribazus here
Parts from his princess, marches bright in steel
Beneath his patron's banner, gathers palms
On conquer'd Nile. To Susa he returns,
To Ariana's residence, and bears
Deep in his heart th' immedicable wound.
But unreveal'd and silent was his pain ;
Nor yet in solitary shades he roam'd,

Nor shun'd resort; but o'er his sorrows cast
A sickly dawn of gladness, and in smiles
Conceal'd his anguish; while the secret flame
Rag'd in his bosom, and its peace consum'd;
His soul still brooding o'er these mournful thoughts.

' Can I, O Wisdom, find relief in thee,
Who dost approve my passion? From the snares
Of beauty only thou wouldst guard my heart:
But here thyself art charm'd; where softness, grace,
And every virtue, dignify desire.
Yet thus to love, despairing to possess,
Of all the torments by relentless fate
On life inflicted, is the most severe.
Do I not feel thy warnings in my breast,
That flight alone can save me? I will go
Back to the learned Chaldeans; on the banks
Of Ganges seek the sages; where to hear'n
With thee my elevated soul shall tow'r.
O wretched Teribazus! all conspires
Against thy peace. Our mighty lord prepares
To overwhelm the Grecians. Every youth
Is call'd to war; and I, who lately pois'd
With no inglorious arm the soldier's lance,
Who near the side of Hyperanthes fought,
Must join the throng. How therefore can I fly

From Ariana, who with Asia's queens
The splendid camp of Xerxes must adorn?
Then be it so. Again I will adore
Her gentle virtues. Her delightful voice,
Her gracious sweetness, shall again diffuse
Resistless magic through my ravish'd heart;
Till passion, thus with double rage inflam'd,
Swells to distraction in my tortur'd breast:
Then—but in vain, through darkness do I search
My fate—Despair and fortune be my guides!

The day arriv'd, when Xerxes first advanc'd
His arms from Susa's gates. The Persian dames,
So were accustom'd all the eastern fair,
In sumptuous cars accompany'd his march;
A beauteous train, by Ariana grac'd.
Her Teribazus follows, on her wheels
Attends and pines. Such woes oppress the youth,
Oppress, but not enervate. From the van
He in this second conflict had withstood
The threat'ning frown of adamantinè Mars;
He singly, while his bravest friends recoil'd.
His manly temples no tiara bound;
The slender lance of Asia he disdain'd,
And her light target. Eminent he tow'r'd
In Grecian arms, the wonder of his foes.

Among th' Ionians were his strenuous limbs
Train'd in the gymnastic school. A fulgent casque
Enclos'd his head. Before his face and chest,
Down to the knees, an ample shield was spread.
A pond'rous spear he shook : the well-aim'd point
Sent two Phliasians to the realms of death,
With four Tegæans ; whose indignant chief,
Brave Hegesander, vengeance breath'd in vain,
With streaming wounds repuls'd. Thus far, unmatch'd,
His arm prevail'd ; when Hyperanthes call'd
From fight his fainting legions. Now each band
Their languid courage reforc'd by rest.
Mean-time with Teribazus thus confer'd
Th' applauding prince : ' Thou much deserving youth,
Had twenty warriors in the dang'rous van
Like thee maintain'd the onset, Greece had wept
Her prostrate ranks. The weary'd fight awhile
I now relax, till Abradates strong,
Orontes and Mazæus, are advanc'd.
Then to the conflict will I give no pause :
If not by prowess, yet by endless toil
Successive numbers shall exhaust the foe.'

He said. Immers'd in sadness, scarce reply'd,
But to himself complain'd the am'rous youth.

‘ Still do I languish, mourning o’er the fame,
My arm acquires. Tormented heart! thou seat
Of constant sorrow, what deceitful smiles
Yet canst thou borrow from unreal hope
To flatter life! At Ariana’s feet
What if with supplicating knees I bow,
Implore her pity, and reveal my love.
Wretch! canst thou climb to yon effulgent orb,
And share the splendours which irradiate heav’n?
Dost thou aspire to that exalted maid,
Great Xerxes’ sister, rivalling the claim
Of Asia’s proudest potentates and kings?
Unless within her bosom I inspir’d
A passion fervent as my own; nay more,
Such as dispelling ev’ry virgin fear,
Might, unrestrain’d, disclose its fond desire,
My love is hopeless, and her willing hand,
Should she bestow it, draws from Asia’s lord
On both perdition.’ By despair benumb’d,
His limbs their action lose. A wish for death
O’ercasts and chills his soul. When sudden cries
From Ariamnes rouse his drooping powers.
Alike in manners, they, of equal age,
Were friends, and partners in the glorious toil
Of war. Together they victorious char’d
The bleeding sons of Nile, when Ægypt’s pride
Before the sword of Hyperanthes fell.

That lov'd companion Teribazus views
By all abandon'd, in his gore outstretch'd,
The victor's spoil. His languid spirit starts ;
He rushes ardent from the Persian line ;
The wounded warrior in his strong embrace
He bears away. By indignation stung,
Fierce from the Grecians Diopantus sends
A loud defiance. Teribazus leaves
His rescu'd friend. His massy shield he rears ;
High brandishing his formidable spear,
He turns intrepid on th' approaching foe.
Amazement follows. On he strides and shakes
The plumed honours of his shining crest.
Th' ill-fated Greek awaits th' unequal fight ;
Pierc'd in the throat, with sounding arms he falls.
Through ev'ry file the Mantineans mourn.
Long on the slain the victor fix'd his sight
With these reflections : ' By thy splendid arms
Thou art a Greek of no ignoble rank.
From thy ill fortune I perhaps derive
A more conspicuous lustre. What if heav'n
Should add new victims, such as thou, to grace
My undeserving hand ? Who knows, but she
Might smile upon my trophies ? Oh ! vain thought !
I see the pride of Asia's monarch swell
With vengeance, fatal to her beauteous head.
Disperse, ye phantom hopes ! Too long, torn heart,

Hast thou with grief contended. Lo ! I plant
My foot this moment on the verge of death,
By fame invited, by despair impell'd
To pass th' irremeable bound. No more
Shall Teribazus backward turn his step,
But here conclude his doom. Then cease to heave,
Thou troubled bosom ; ev'ry thought be calm
Now at th' approach of everlasting peace.'

He ended ; when a mighty foe drew nigh,
Not less than Dithyrambus. Ere they join'd,
The Persian warrior to the Greek began.

' Art thou th' unconquerable chief, who mow'd
Our battle down ? That eagle on thy shield
Too well proclaims thee. To attempt thy force
I rashly purpos'd. That my single arm
Thou deign'st to meet, accept my thanks, and know,
The thought of conquest less employs my soul
Than admiration of thy glorious deeds,
And that by thee I cannot fall disgrac'd.'

He ceas'd. These words the Thespian youth re-
turn'd :

' Of all the praises from thy gen'rous mouth,
The only portion my desert may claim,
Is this, my bold adventure to confront

Thee, yet unmatch'd. What Grecian hath not mark'd
Thy flaming steel? From Asia's boundless camp
Not one hath equal'd thy victorious might.
But whence thy armour of the Grecian form?
Whence thy tall spear? thy helmet? Whence the weight
Of that strong shield? Unlike thy eastern friends,
O if thou be'st some fugitive, who, lost
To liberty and virtue, art become.
A tyrant's vile stipendiary, that arm,
That valour thus triumphant, I deplore,
Which, after all their efforts and success,
Deserve no honour from the gods, or men.



Here Teribazus in a sigh rejoin'd :
' I am to Greece a stranger, am a wretch
To thee unknown, who courts this hour to die,
Yet not ignobly, but in death to raise
My name from darkness, while I end my woes.'

The Grecian then. ' I view thee, and I mourn.
A dignity, which virtue only bears,
Firm resolution, seated on thy brow,
Though grief hath dim'd thy drooping eye, demand
My veneration ; and, whatever be
The malice of thy fortune, what the cares,

Infesting thus thy quiet, they create
Within my breast the pity of a friend.
Why then, constraining my reluctant hand
To act against thee, will thy might support
Th' unjust ambition of malignant kings,
The foes to virtue, liberty, and peace ?
Yet, free from rage or enmity, I lift
My adverse weapon. Victory I ask.
Thy life may fate for happier days reserve !

This said, their beaming lances they pretend,
Of hostile hate, or fury both devoid,
As on the Isthmian, or Olympic sands,
For fame alone contending. Either host,
Pois'd on their arms, in silent wonder gaze.
The fight commences. Soon the Grecian spear,
Which, all the day in constant battle worn,
Unnumber'd shields and corselets had transfix'd,
Against the Persian buckler, shiv'ring, breaks ;
Its master's hand disarming. Then began
The sense of honour, and the dread of shame,
To swell in Dithyrambus. Undismay'd,
He grappled with his foe, and instant seiz'd
His threat'ning spear, before th' uplifted arm
Could execute the meditated wound.
The weapon burst between their struggling grasp.

Their hold they loosen, bare their shining swords.
With equal swiftness to defend, or charge,
Each active youth advances and recedes.
On ev'ry side they traverse. Now direct,
Obliquely now, the wheeling blades descend.
Still is the conflict dubious ; when the Greek,
Dissembling, points his falchion to the ground,
His arm depressing, as o'ercome by toil ;
While with his buckler cautious he repels
The blows, repeated by his active foe.
Greece trembles for her hero. Joy pervades
The ranks of Asia ; Hyperanthes strides
Before the line, preparing to receive
His friend triumphant ; while the wary Greek
Calm and defensive bears th' assault. At last,
As by th' incautious fury of his strokes,
The Persian swung his cov'ring shield aside,
The fatal moment Dithyrambus seiz'd.
Light darting forward with his feet outstretch'd,
Between th' unguarded ribs he plung'd his steel.
Affection, grief, and terror, wing the speed
Of Hyperanthes. From his bleeding foe
The Greek retires, not distant, and awaits
The Persian prince. But he, with wat'ry cheeks,
In speechless anguish clasps his dying friend ;
From whose cold lip, with interrupted phrase,

These accents break : ‘ O dearest, best of men !
Ten thousand thoughts of gratitude and love
Are struggling in my heart—O’erpow’ring fate
Denies my voice the utt’rance—O my friend !
O Hyperanthes ! Hear my tongue unfold
What, had I liv’d; thou never shouldst have known.
I lov’d thy sister ! With despair I lov’d !
Soliciting this honourable doom,
Without regret, in Persia’s sight and thine,
I fall.’ Th’ inexorable hand of fate
Weights down his eye-lids, and the gloom of death
His fleeting light eternally o’ershades.
Him on Choaspes o’er the blooming verge
A frantic mother shall bewail ; shall strew
Her silver tresses in the crystal wave ;
While all the shores re-echo to the name
Of Teribazus lost. Th’ afflicted prince,
Contemplating in tears the pallid corse,
Vents in these words the bitterness of grief.

‘ Oh Teribazus ! Oh my friend ! whose loss
I will deplore for ever. Oh what pow’r,
By me, by thee offended, clos’d thy breast
To Hyperanthes, in distrust unkind !
She should, she must have lov’d thee ! Now no more
Thy placid virtues, thy instructive tongue,

Shall drop their sweetness on my secret hours.
But in complaints doth friendship waste the time,
Which to immediate vengeance should be giv'n ?

He ended, rushing furious on the Greek ;
Who, while his gallant enemy expir'd,
While Hyperanthes tenderly receiv'd
The last embraces of his gasping friend,
Stood nigh, reclin'd in sadness on his shield.
And in the pride of victory repin'd.
Unmark'd, his foe approach'd. But forward sprung
Diomedon. Before the Thespian youth
Aloft he rais'd his targe, and loudly thus :

‘ Hold thee, Barbarian, from a life more worth,
Than thou and Xerxes, with his host of slaves.’

His words he seconds with his rapid lance.
Soon a tremendous conflict had ensu'd ;
But Intaphernes, Mindus, and a croud
Of Persian lords, advancing, fill the space
Betwixt th' encount'ring chiefs. In mutual wrath,
With fruitless efforts they attempt the fight.
So rage two bulls along th' opposing banks
Of some deep flood, which parts the fruitful mead.
Defiance thunders from their angry mouths

In vain : in vain the furrow'd sod they rend ;
Wide rolls the stream and intercepts the war.

In sable vesture, spangled o'er with stars,
Now night assum'd her throne. Recall'd from war,
Their toil, protracted long, the Greeks forget,
Dissolv'd in silent slumber, all but those
Who watch th'uncertain perils of the dark,
A hundred warriors. Agis was their chief.
High on the wall, intent, the hero sat,
Fresh winds across the undulating bay
From Asia's host the various din convey'd
In one deep murmur, swelling on his ear ;
When, by the sound of footsteps down the pass
Alarm'd, he calls aloud—' What feet are these
Which beat the echoing pavement of the rock ?
Reply, nor tempt inevitable fate.'

A voice reply'd—' No enemies we come,
But crave admittance in an humble tone.'

The Spartan answers—' Through the midnight shade
What purpose draws your wand'ring steps abroad ?'

To whom the stranger—' We are friends to Greece.
Through thy assistance we implore access

To Lacedæmon's king.' The cautious Greek
Still hesitates: when musically sweet
A tender voice his wond'ring ear allures.

' O gen'rous warrior, listen to the pray'r
Of one distress'd, whom grief alone hath led
Through midnight shades to these victorious tents;
A wretched woman, innocent of fraud.'

The chief, descending, through th' unfolded gates
Upheld a flaming torch. The light disclos'd
One first in servile garments. Near his side
A woman graceful and majestic stood;
Not with an aspect rivalling the pow'r
Of fatal Helen, or th' ensnaring charms
Of love's soft queen; but such as far surpass'd
Whate'er the lily, blending with the rose,
Spreads on the cheek of beauty, soon to fade;
Such as express'd a mind by wisdom rul'd,
By sweetness temper'd; virtue's purest light
Illumining the countenance divine:
Yet could not soften rig'rous fate, nor charm
Malignant fortune to revere the good;
Which oft with anguish rends a spotless heart,
And oft associates wisdom with despair.
In courteous phrase began the chief humane—

‘ Exalted fair, whose form adorns the night,
Forbear to blame the vigilance of war.
My slow compliance to the rigid laws
Of Mars impute. In me no longer pause
Shall from the presence of our king withhold
This thy apparent dignity and worth.’

Here ending, he conducts her. At the call
Of his lov’d brother, from his couch arose
Leonidas. In wonder he survey’d
Th’ illustrious virgin, whom his presence aw’d.
Her eye submissive, to the ground declin’d,
In veneration of the godlike man.
His mien, his voice, her anxious dread dispel,
Benevolent and hospitable, thus—

‘ Thy looks, fair stranger, amiable and great,
A mind delineate, which from all commands
Supreme regard. Relate, thou noble dame,
By what relentless destiny compell’d,
Thy tender feet the paths of darkness tread ;
Rehearse th’ afflictions whence thy virtue mourns.’

On her wan cheek a sudden blush arose,
Like day first dawning on the twilight pale ;
When, wrapt in grief, these words a passage found—

' If to be most unhappy, and to know
That hope is irrecoverably fled,
If to be great and wretched, may deserve
Commiseration from the brave ; behold,
Thou glorious leader of unconquer'd bands,
Behold, descended from Darius' loins,
Th' afflicted Ariana ; and my pray'r
Accept with pity, nor my tears disdain.
First, that I lov'd the best of human race,
Heroic, wise, adorn'd by every art,
Of shame unconscious, doth my heart reveal.
This day, in Grecian arms conspicuous clad,
He fought, he fell. A passion long conceal'd,
For me, alas ! within my brother's arms
His dying breath resigning, he disclos'd.
Oh ! I will stay my sorrows ! will forbid
My eyes to stream before thee, and my breast,
O'erwhelmed by anguish, will from sighs restrain !
For why should thy humanity be griev'd
At my distress, why learn from me to mourn
The lot of mortals, doom'd to pain and wo !
Hear then, O king, and grant my sole request,
To seek his body in the heaps of slain.'

Thus to the hero su'd the royal maid,
Resembling Ceres in majestic wo,

When supplicating Jove, from Stygian gloom,
And Pluto's black embraces, to redeem
Her lov'd and lost Proserpina. Awhile
On Ariana fixing stedfast eyes,
These tender thoughts Leonidas recall'd—

‘Such are thy sorrows, O for ever dear,
Who now at Lacedæmon dost deplore
My everlasting absence!’ Then aside
He turn'd and sigh'd. Recov'ring, he address'd
His brother—‘Most beneficent of men,
Attend, assist this princess!’ Night retires
Before the purple-winged morn. A hand
Is call'd. The well-remember'd spot they find
Where Teribazus from his dying hand
Dropt in their sight his formidable sword.
Soon from beneath a pile of Asian dead
They draw the hero, by his armour known.

Then, Ariane, what transcending pangs
Were thine! what horrors! In thy tender breast
Love still was mightiest. On the bosom cold
Of Teribazus, grief-distracted maid,
Thy beauteous limbs were thrown. Thy snowy hue
The clotted gore disfigur'd. On his wounds
Loose flow'd thy hair, and, bubbling from thy eyes,

Impetuous sorrow lav'd th' empurpled clay.
When forth in groans these lamentations broke—

‘O, torn for ever from these weeping eyes !
Thou, who despairing to obtain a heart
Which then most lov'd thee, didst untimely yield
Thy life to fate's inevitable dart
For her, who now in agony reveals
Her tender passion, who repeats her vows
To thy deaf ear, who fondly to her own
Unites thy cheek insensible and cold.
Alas ! do those unmoving, ghastly, orbs
Perceive my gushing sorrow ? Can that heart
At my complaint dissolve the ice of death,
To share my suff'rings ? Never, never more
Shall Ariana bend a listening ear
To thy enchanting eloquence, nor feast
Her mind on wisdom from thy copious tongue !
Oh ! bitter, insurmountable distress !’

She could no more. Invincible despair
Suppress'd all utt'rance. As a marble form,
Fix'd on the solemn sepulchre, inclines
The silent head, in imitated wo,
O'er some dead hero whom his country lov'd,
Entranc'd by anguish, o'er the breathless clay

So hung the princess. On the gory breach,
Whence life had issu'd by the fatal blow,
Mute for a space, and motionless, she gaz'd ;
When thus in accents firm. ' Imperial pomp,
Foe to my quiet, take my last farewell !
There is a state where only virtue holds
The rank supreme. My Teribazus there
From his high order must descend to mine.'

Then, with no trembling hand, no change of look,
She drew a poniard, which her garment veil'd ;
And, instant sheathing in her heart the blade,
On her slain lover silent sunk in death !
The unexpected stroke prevents the care
Of Agis, pierc'd by horror and distress,
Like one who, standing on a stormy beach,
Beholds a found'ring vessel by the deep
At once engulph'd, his pity feels and mourns,
Depriv'd of pow'r to save ; so Agis view'd
The prostrate pair.

THE

PERSIAN EMBASSY TO LEONIDAS.

[IBID.]

THE king uprises from his seat, and bids
The Persian follow. He, amaz'd, attends,
Surrounded soon by each assembling band :
When thus at length the godlike Spartan spake—
' Here, Persian, tell thy embassy. Repeat
That, to obtain my friendship, Asia's prince
To me hath proffer'd sov'reignty o'er Greece.
Then view these bands, whose valour shall preserve
That Greece unconquer'd which your king bestows ;
Shall strew your bodies on her crimson'd plains.
The indignation, painted on their looks,
Their gen'rous scorn, may answer for their chief.
Yet from Leonidas, thou wretch inur'd
To vassalage and baseness, hear.—The pomp,
The arts of pleasure in despotic courts,
I spurn, abhorrent ! In a spotless heart
I look for pleasure. I from righteous deeds
Derive my splendour. No adoring crowd,
No purpled slaves, no mercenary spears,
My state embarrass. I in Sparta rule
By laws, my rulers, with a guard unknown

To Xerxes, public confidence and love.
No pale suspicion of th' empoison'd bowl,
Th' assassin's poniard, or provok'd revolt,
Chase from my decent couch the peace deny'd
To his resplendent canopy. Thy king,
Who hath profan'd by proffer'd bribes my ear,
Dares not to meet my arm. Thee, trembling slave
Whose embassy was treason, I despise,
And therefore spare.

THE COMBAT

OF

LEONIDAS AND HYPERANTHES.

[IBID.]

BUT Hyperanthes from the trembling ranks
Of Asia tow'rs, inflexibly resolv'd
The Persian glory to redeem, or fall.
The Spartan, worn by toil, his languid arm
Uplifts once more. He waits the dauntless prince.
The heroes now stand adverse. Each, awhile
Restrains his valour, each admiring views
His godlike foe. At length their brandish'd points

Provoke the contest, fated soon to close
The long continued horrors of the day.
Fix'd in amaze and fear, the Asian throng,
Unmov'd and silent, on their bucklers pause.
Thus on the wastes of India, while the earth
Beneath him groans, the elephant is seen,
His huge proboscis writhing, to defy
The strong rhinoceros, whose pond'rous horn
Is newly whetted on a rock. Anon
Each hideous bulk encounters. Earth her groan
Redoubles. Trembling, from their covert gaze
The savage inmates of surrounding woods
In distant terror. By the varied art
Of either chief the dubious combat long
Its great event retarded. Now his lance
Far through the hostile shield Laconia's king
Impell'd. Aside the Persian swung his arm.
Beneath it pass'd the weapon, which his targe
Encumber'd. Hopes of conquest and renown
Elate his courage. Sudden he directs
His rapid javelin to the Spartan's throat.
But he his wary buckler upward rais'd,
Which o'er his shoulder turn'd the glancing steel;
For one last effort then his scatter'd strength
Collecting, levell'd with resistless force
The massive orb, and dash'd its brazen verge

Full on the Persian's forehead. Down he sunk,
Without a groan expiring, as o'erwhelm'd
Beneath a marble fragment, from its seat
Heav'd by a whirlwind, sweeping o'er the ridge
Of some aspiring mansion. Gen'rous prince!
What could his valour more? His single might
He match'd with great Leonidas, and fell
Before his native bands. The Spartan king
Now stands alone. In heaps his slaughter'd friends,
All stretch'd around him, lie. The distant foes
Show'r on his head innumerable darts,
From various sluices gush the vital floods;
They stain his fainting limbs. Nor yet with pain
His brow is clouded; but those beauteous wounds,
The sacred pledges of his own renown,
And Sparta's safety, in serenest joy
His closing eye contemplates. Fame can twine
No brighter laurels round his glorious head;
His virtue more to labour fate forbids,
And lays him now in honourable rest,
To seal his country's liberty by death.

SELIM; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

AN ORIENTAL ECLOGUE.

[COLLINS.]

SCENE—A VALLEY NEAR BAGDAT.

TIME, THE MORNING.

YE Persian maids, attend your poet's lays,
And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
Not all are blest whom Fortune's hand sustains
With wealth in courts; nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

Thus Selim sung, by sacred Truth inspir'd;
Nor praise, but such as Truth bestow'd, desir'd:
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
Informing morals to the shepherd maid;
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind!

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride;

When wanton gales along the vallies play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away;
By Tigris' wandering waves he sat, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young.

‘Ye Persian dames, (he said,) to you belong—
Well may they please—the morals of my song :
No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around !
The morn that lights you to your loves, supplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes :
For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow;
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
The best kind blessings heaven can grant the fair !
Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray
Boast but the worth Bassora's pearls display ;
Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright ;
But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light :
Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
Self-flattering sex ! your hearts believe in vain
That love shall blind, when once he fires the swain ;
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As spots on ermine beautify the skin :
Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
Each softer virtue that adorns the fair ;

Each tender passion man delights to find :
The lov'd perfections of a female mind !

‘ Blest were the days when Wisdom held her reign,
And shepherds sought her on the silent plain ;
With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,
Immortal Truth ; and daughters bless'd their love.
—O haste, fair maids ! ye Virtues, come away !
Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way !
The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.

‘ Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
The dear deserters shall return again.
Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,
To lead the train, sweet Modesty appear :
Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
And shepherd girls shall own thee for their queen.
With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all ;—a wise suspicious maid ;—
But man the most :—not more the mountain doe
Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew ;
A silken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild desires amidst thy train be known ;
But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone :

Desponding Meekness, with her downcast eyes,
And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs ;
And Love the last : by these your hearts approve ;
These are the virtues that must lead to love.'

Thus sung the swain ; and ancient legends say
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay :
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along ;
The shepherds lov'd ; and Selim bless'd his song,

HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

[IBID.]

SCENE—THE DESERT.

TIME, MID-DAY.

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels past :
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store ;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand,
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh ;

The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue;
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd; thrice struck his breast: and thus began:

‘ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
‘ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way!’

‘ Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst, or pinching hunger, that I find!
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?’

‘ Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown’d fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales, bestow:
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands, are found;
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.

‘ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
‘ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way!’

‘ Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!

The lily peace outshines the silver store ;
And life is dearer than the golden ore :
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea ;
And are we only yet repaid by thee ?
—Ah ! why was ruin so attractive made ?
Or why fond man so easily betray'd ?
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song ?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold :
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold !
 ' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 ' When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !'

 ' O cease, my fears !—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet !—
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet :
And, fearful ! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train :
Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.

‘ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
‘ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way.’

‘ At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep :
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure !
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find :
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.
‘ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
‘ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way ?’

‘ O hapless youth !—for she thy love hath won—
The tender Zara will be most undone !
Big swell’d my heart, and own’d the powerful maid,
When fast she dropt her tears, as thus she said :
‘ Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain ;
‘ Whom Zara’s breaking heart implor’d in vain !
‘ Yet, as thou go’st, may every blast arise
‘ Weak and unfelt, as these rejected sighs !
‘ Safe o’er the wild, no perils may’st thou see ;
‘ No griefs endure ; nor weep, false youth, like me.’
—O let me safely to the fair return ;
Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn :

O! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears.'

He said ; and call'd on heaven to bless the day
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ABRA; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

[IBID.]

SCENE—A FOREST.

TIME, THE EVENING.

In Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are seen,
In distant view, along the level green,
While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade,
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maize at setting day ;
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain :

At morn she came those willing flocks to lead,
Where lilies rear them in the watery mead ;
From early dawn the livelong hours she told,
Till late at silent eve she pen'd the fold :
Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
A various wreath of odorous flowers she made :
Gay-motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose ;
The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows ;
All sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there ;
The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
By Love conducted from the chase away ;
Among the vocal vales he heard her song ;
And sought, the vales and echoing groves among ;
At length he found, and woo'd, the rural maid ;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
 ' Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd ;
 ' And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !

The royal lover bore her from the plain ;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain :
Oft, as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid ! to other scenes remove ;
To richer scenes of golden power and love !

Go leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain ;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign !

‘ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov’d ;
‘ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov’d !’

Yet, ’midst the blaze of courts, she fix’d her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove ;
Still, with the shepherd’s innocence, her mind
To the sweet vale, and flowery mead, inclin’d :
And, oft as Spring renew’d the plains with flowers,
Breath’d his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
Her maids around her mov’d, a duteous band !
Each bore a crook, all-rural, in her hand !
Some simple lay, of flocks and herds they sung ;
With joy the mountain, and the forest rung.

‘ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov’d ;
‘ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov’d !’

And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of state, attendant on the fair ;
Oft to the shades and low-roof’d cots retir’d ;
Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir’d :
A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore ;
And thought of crowns, and busy courts, no more.

‘ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov’d;
‘ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov’d!’

Blest was the life that royal Abbas led :
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel?
The simple shepherd girl can love as well.
Let those who rule in Persia’s jewel’d throne
Be fam’d for love, and gentlest love alone;
Or wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover’s myrtle with the warrior’s crown.
O happy days! the maids around her say;
O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!
‘ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov’d;
‘ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov’d!’

AGIB AND SECANDER;

OR, THE FUGITIVES.

[IBID.]

SCENE—A MOUNTAIN IN CIRCASSIA,

TIME, MIDNIGHT.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin’d,
Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind;
At that still hour when awful midnight reigns,
And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains;

What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And past in radiance through the cloudless sky ;
Sad, o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled
Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led :
Fast as they prest their flight, behind them lay
Wide ravag'd plains ; and vallies stole away :
Along the mountain's bending sides they ran,
Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began.

SECANDER.

' O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey !
Trace our sad flight through all its length of way !
And first review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already past with pain !
Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we tried !
And, last, this lofty mountain's weary side !'

AGIB.

' Weak as thou art, yet, hapless, must thou know
The toils of flight, or some severer wo !
Still, as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind ;
And shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind :

In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame:
Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.*

SECANDER.

' Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword,
In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleasure sooth his mind:
'Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.*

AGIB.

' Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flowery plain;
And once my maids and shepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins shall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove;

On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale:
Fair scenes! but, ah! no more with peace possess,
With ease alluring, and with plenty blest!
No more the shepherds whitening tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
No more the date with snowy blossoms crown'd!
But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.'

SECANDER.

' In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eyes blue languish, and their golden hair!
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
Those hairs the Tartars cruel hand shall rend.'

AGIB.

' Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far
Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war;
Some weightier arms than crooks and staffs prepare,
To shield your harvest, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.

Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
By lust incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way :
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurst in scenes of woe.'

He said ; when loud along the vale was heard ,
A shriller shriek ; and nearer fires appear'd :
Th' affrighted shepherds, through the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

ZERAD ;

OR, THE ABSENT LOVER.

AN ARABIAN ECLOGUE.

[J. SCOTT.]

KORASA's tribe, a frequent wandering train
From Zenau's pastures sought Negiran's plain.
With them Semira left her favourite shades,
The loveliest nymph of Yemen's sportive maids !

Her parting hand her fair companions press'd ;
A transient sorrow touch'd each tender breast !
As some thin cloud across the morning ray
Casts one short moment's gloom, and glides away :
Their cares, their sports, they hasted soon to tend,
And lost in them the memory of their friend.

But gallant Zerad ill her absence bore,
A wealthy emir from Katara's shore ;
A warrior he, the bravest of his race ;
A bard high-honour'd in his native place ;
Age oft learn'd knowledge from his tuneful tongue,
And listening Beauty languish'd while he sung.
What time the tribes in camp contiguous lay,
Oft with the Fair-one he was wont to stray ;
There oft for her fresh fruits and flowers he sought,
And oft her flocks to crystal fountains brought !

Where the tall palm-grove grac'd Alzohah's green,
And sable tents in many a rank were seen ;
While Evening's steps the setting Sun pursued,
And the still fields her balmy tears bedew'd ;
The pensive Lover, there reclin'd apart,
Indulg'd the sorrows of his anxious heart.
His graceful head the costly turban dress'd ;
The crimson sash confin'd his azure vest ;

His hand the sounding arabeb sustain'd ;
And thus his voice in melody complain'd—
Soft as the night-bird's amorous music flows,
In Zibet's gardens, when she wooes the rose :

‘ Bright star of Sora's sky, whose matchless blaze,
Gilds thy proud tribe with mild benignant rays!
Sweet flower of Azem's vale, whose matchless bloom
O'er thy fam'd house spreads exquisite perfume!
Blithe fawn of Kosa, at the break of dawn,
Midst groves of Cassia, sporting on the lawn!
Too charming Beauty! why must I bemoan
Thee from my presence thus abruptly flown?
Ere the shrill trump to march the signal gave,
And banners high in air began to wave;
Ere the tall camel felt his wonted load,
And herds and flocks slow mov'd along the road;
Ere slow behind them march'd the warrior train,
And the struck tents left vacant all the plain;
Could no fond plea obtain a longer stay?
Would no kind hand th' intelligence convey?
Ah, hapless me! to Aden's port I stray'd,
Sought gold and gems, but lost my lovely maid!

‘ My friends, they come my sorrows to allay—
Azor the wise, and Soliman the gay—

One cries, ' Let reason hold her sober reign,
Nor love's light trifles give thy bosom pain !
For thee kind science all her lore displays,
And Fame awaits thee with the wreath of praise.'
' O why,' cries one, ' is she alone thy care ?
She's fair, indeed, but other maids are fair :
Negima's eyes with dazzling lustre shine,
And her black tresses curl like Zebid's vine ;
On Hinda's brow Kushemon's lily blows,
And on her cheek unfolds Nishapor's rose !
With them, the tale, the song, the dance shall please,
When Mirth's free banquet fills the bower of ease.'
' Ah, cease,' said I, ' of love he little knows,
Who with sage counsel hopes to cure its woes !
Go, bid in air Yamama's lightning stay,
Or Perath's lion quit his trembling prey :
Kind Science' lore with Beauty best we share,
And Beauty's hands Fame's fairest wreaths prepare.
I praise Négima's lovely hair and eyes ;
Nor Hinda's lily nor her rose despise :
But Omman's pearls diffuse a brighter beam
Than the gay pebbles of Kalafa's stream.—

' O lov'd Semira ! whither dost thou rove ?
Tread thy soft steps by Sada's jasmine grove ?
Dost thou thy flocks on Ocrah's mountain keep ?
Do Ared's olives whisper o'er thy sleep ?

Ah, no!—the maid, perhaps, remote from these,
Some hostile troop in ambush laid, may seize :
Too lovely captives! she, in triumph borne,
The proud Pacha's throng'd haram shall adorn.
Vain fear! around her march her valiant friends ;
Brave Omar's hand the bow of Ishmael bends ;
Strong Hassan's arm Kaaba's spear can wield,
And rear on high El-makin's ponderous shield !
Ah, shame to me ! shall Sloth's dishonouring chain,
From love, from glory, Zerad here detain,
Till grief my cheek with sickly saffron spread,
And my eyes, weeping, match th' Argavan's red?
Haste, bring my steed, supreme in strength and grace,
First in the fight, and fleetest in the chase ;
His sire renown'd on Gebel's hills was bred,
His beauteous dam in Derar's pastures fed :
Bring my strong lance, that ne'er impell'd in vain,
Pierc'd the fierce tiger on Hegesa's plain.
Across the desert, I her steps pursue ;
Toil at my side, and danger in my view !
There Thirst, fell demon ! haunts the sultry air,
And his wild eye-balls roll with horrid glare ;
There deadly Samiel, striding o'er the land,
Sweeps his red wing, and whirls the burning sand ;
As winds the weary caravan along ;
The fiery storm involves the hapless throng,

I go, I go, nor toil nor danger heed ;
The faithful lover Safety's hand shall lead
The heart that fosters Virtue's generous flames,
Our Holy Prophet's sure protection claims.

‘ Delightful Irem (midst the lonely waste
By Shedad's hand the paradise was plac'd)
Each shady tree of varied foliage shews,
And every flower and every fruit bestows ;
There drop rich gums of every high perfume ;
There sing sweet birds of every gaudy plume ;
There soft-eyed Houries tread th' enamell'd green—
Once, and no more, the happy seat was seen ;
As his stray'd camel midst the wild he sought,
Chance to the spot the wandering Esar brought :
A blissful Irem midst the desert drear,
Semira's tent my love-sick sight shall cheer.

‘ What palm of beauty towers on Keran's hills?
What myrrh with fragrance Sala's valley fills ?
'Tis she, who left so late her favourite shades,
The loveliest nymph of Yemen's sportive maids !
Look from thy tent, the curtains fair unfold,
Give to my view thy veil of silk and gold ;
O lift that veil ! thy radiant eyes display,
Those radiant eyes shall light me on my way !

On Hejar's wild rocks from the Persian main,
Thus the moon, rising, lights the wilder'd swain,
O raise thy voice! the sound shall give delight,
Like songs of pilgrims distant heard by night!
I come, I come!—He spoke, and seiz'd the rein,
And his fleet courser spurn'd the sandy plain.

THE NUN.

AN ELEGY.

[JERNINGHAM.]

WITH each perfection dawning on her mind,
All beauty's treasure op'ning on her cheek,
Each flatt'ring hope subdu'd, each wish resign'd,
Does gay Ophelia this lone mansion seek.

Say, gentle maid, what prompts thee to forsake
The paths thy birth and fortune strew with flow'rs?
Through Nature's kind endearing ties to break,
And waste in cloister'd walls thy pensive hours?

Let sober thought restrain thine erring zeal,
That guides thy footsteps to the vestal gate,
Lest thy soft heart, (this, friendship bids reveal)
Like mine unblest, should mourn, like mine, too late.

Does some angelic lonely-whisp'ring voice,
Some sacred impulse, or some dream divine,
Approve the dictates of thy early choice?
Approach with confidence the awful shrine :

There, kneeling at yon altar's marble base,
(While streams of rapture from thine eye-lids steal,
And smiling Heav'n illumines thy soul with grace)
Pronounce the vow thou never canst repeal.

Yet, if misled by false-entitled friends,
Who say—' That Peace, with all her comely train,
' From starry regions to this clime descends,
' Smooths every frown, and softens every pain :

' That vestals tread Contentment's flow'ry lawn,
' Approv'd of Innocence, by Health caress'd ;
' That rob'd in colours bright, by Fancy drawn,
' Celestial Hope sits smiling at their breast :

Suspect their syren song and artful style,
Their pleasing sounds some treacherous thought conceal ;
Full oft does pride with sainted voice beguile,
And sordid int'rest wear the mask of zeal :

A tyrant abbess here, perchance, may reign,
Who, fond of pow'r, affects th' imperial nod,
Looks down disdainful on her female train,
And rules the cloister with an iron rod.

Reflection sickens at the livelong tie,
Back-glancing Mem'ry acts her busy part;
Its charms the World unfolds to fancy's eye,
And sheds allurements on the wishful heart.

Lo! Discord enters at the sacred porch,
Rage in her frown, and terror on her crest;
Ev'n at the hallow'd lamp she lights her torch,
And holds it flaming to each virgin breast.

But, since the legends of monastic bliss
By fraud are fabled, and by youth believ'd,
Unbought experience learn from my distress,
Oh! mark my lot, and be no more deceiv'd!

Three lustres scarce with hasty wings were fled,
When I was torn from ev'ry weeping friend,
A thoughtless victim to the temple led,
And (blush, ye parents!) by a father's hand.

Yet then, what solemn scenes deceiv'd my choice!
The pealing organ's animating sound,

The choral virgins' captivating voice,
The blazing altar, and the priests around :

The train of youths array'd in purest white,
Who scatter'd myrtles as I pass'd along ;
The thousand lamps that pour'd a flood of light ;
The kiss of peace from all the vestal throng :

The golden censers, toss'd with graceful hand,
Whose fragrant breath Arabian odour shed ;
Of meek-ey'd novices the circling band,
With blooming chaplets wove around their head.

My willing soul was caught in rapture's flame,
While sacred ardour glow'd in ev'ry vein ;
Methought applauding angels sung my name,
And Heaven's unsullied glories gilt the fane.

This temporary transport soon expir'd,
My drooping heart confess'd a dreadful void :
E'er since, alas! abandon'd, uninspir'd,
I tread this dome to misery allied :

No wakening joy informs my sullen breast ;
Through opening skies no radiant seraph smiles ;
No saint descends to sooth my soul to rest ;
No dream of bliss the dreary night beguiles :

Here, haggard Discontent still haunts my view ;
The sombre genius reigns in ev'ry place,
Arrays each virtue in the darkest hue,
Chills ev'ry prayer, and cancels ev'ry grace :

I meet her ever in the cheerless cell,
The gloomy grotto, and unsocial wood ;
I hear her ever in the midnight bell,
The hollow gales, and hoarse-resounding flood :

This caus'd a mother's tender tears to flow,
(The sad rememb'rance Time shall ne'er erase)
When, having seal'd th' irrevocable vow,
I hasten'd to receive her last embrace :

Full well she then presag'd my wretched fate,
The unhappy moments of each future day ;
When, lock'd within this terror-shedding grate,
My joy-deserted soul would pine away :

Yet ne'er did her maternal voice unfold
This cloister'd scene, in all its horror drest ;
Nor did she then my trembling steps with-hold,
When here I enter'd, a reluctant guest :

Ah ! could she view her only child betray'd,
And let submission o'er her love prevail !

Th' unfeeling priest, why did she not upbraid?
Forbid the vow, and rend the hov'ring veil?

Alas! she might not—her relentless lord
Had seal'd her lips, and chid her streaming tear;
So anguish in her breast conceal'd its hoard,
And all the mother sunk in dumb despair:

But thou, who own'st a father's sacred name,
What act impell'd thee to this ruthless deed?
What crime had forfeited my filial claim,
And given (O blasting thought!) thy heart to bleed?

If then thy injur'd child deserve thy care,
Oh haste and bear her from this lonesome gloom!
In vain—no words can sooth his rigid ear;
And Gallia's laws have riveted my doom.

Ye cloister'd fair—ye censure-breathing saints,
Suppress your taunts, and learn at length to spare;
Tho' 'mid these holy walls I vent my plaints,
And give to sorrow what is due to pray'r!

I fled not to this mansion's deep recess
To veil the blushes of a guilty shame,
The tenor of an ill-spent life redress,
And snatch from infamy a sinking name.

Yet let me to my fate submissive bow ;
From fatal symptoms, if I right conceive,
This stream, Ophelia, has not long to flow,
This voice to murmur, and this breast to heave :

Ah! when extended on th'-untimely bier,
To yonder vault this form shall be convey'd,
Thou'lt not refuse to shed one grateful tear,
And breathe the requiem to my fleeting shade :

With pious footstep join the sable train,
As through the length'ning aisle they take their way ;
A glimmering taper let thy hand sustain,
Thy soothing voice attune the funeral lay :

Behold the minister who lately gave
The sacred veil, in garb of mournful hue,
(More friendly office!) bending o'er my grave,
And sprinkling my remains with hallow'd dew :

As o'er the corse he strews the rattling dust,
The sternest heart will raise compassion's sigh ;
Ev'n then, no longer to his child unjust,
The tears may trickle from a father's eye.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

[MALLETT.]

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a shelt'ring wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
A humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye :
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest—and die.

The softest blush that Nature spreads,
Gave colour to her cheek :
Such orient colour smiles through Heav'n,
When May's sweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
The charmer of the plains :
That sun which bids their diamond blaze,
To deck our lily deigns.

Long had she fir'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair ;

And though by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul that knew no art ;
And from whose eyes serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too reveal'd ;
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish
Which virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of heart-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow !
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe :

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm with wicked skill
Each darker art employ'd.

The father, too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the rock
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their mutual flame,
And seen it long unmov'd :
Then, with a father's frown, at last
He sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war
Of diff'ring passions strove :
His heart, which durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too, on Stanmore's wint'ry waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheeks, where love with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast :
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed ;

And weary'd Heav'n with fruitless pray'rs,
And fruitless sorrow shed.

'Tis past, he cry'd—but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
What they must ever love.

She came—his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear :
First-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

But oh ! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she !
Forbade what Emma came to say,
“ My Edwin, live for me !”

Now homeward as she hopeless went,
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found

In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale—
When, lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door—
He's gone! she cry'd, and I shall see
That angel face no more!

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side—
From her white arm down sunk her head—
She, shiver'd, sigh'd, and died.

RODOLPHO AND MATILDA.

[KEATE.]

WHEN o'er the Alpine heights chill Winter spreads
His hoary mantle; when the thick'ning air
Descends in feather'd flakes; each prospect now
How wild, how shapeless! Streams which us'd to flow

With hasty currents, lazy creep, beneath
Th' incumbent snow. The tall fir's loaded branch
Waves like the ostrich plume: the fleecy show'r
Whirl'd in its falling, forms unreal hills
And faithless levels. Cautious be his steps,
Who thro' these regions journeys while they wear
Their cold and dreary aspect, lest from above
The snowy piles o'erwhelm him: frequent now
From parts remote their sullen sound is heard,
Striking the startled ear: by eddying winds
Or agitating sounds, the loosen'd snow
First mov'd, augmenting slides, then nodding o'er
The headlong steep, plunges in air, and rolls
With one vast length of ruin to the vale——
Aghast beneath it the pale traveller sees
The falling promontory—sees—and dies!—

Midst its sad victims, from the house of death
Let me recal one true, one wretched pair
It sunk untimely to the tomb. The tale
I've heard from shepherds, as they pointed out
The spot their story noted, and have dropt
For hapless love a sympathising tear.

In a lone vale, wash'd by th' impetuous Arve,
Beneath the shade its tallest mountain threw,

Matilda dwelt, the sole remaining hope
Of old Alberto, whose paternal farm
Cover'd with flocks and herds spread wide around.
Hers was each blushing charm which youth may boast
When Nature grows profuse ; hers too each pow'r,
Attended with each studious wish to please.
Fair as the bloom of May, and mildly sweet
As the soft gales that with their vernal wings
Fan the first op'ning flow'rs. Each neighbouring swain
Had sigh'd and languish'd, on the tender bark
Inscrib'd the fair one's name, or to her ear
Whisper'd his love,—in vain!—None, none were heard,
Save young Rodolpho, whose prevailing form
Had won her to his favour : on his brow
Sat native comeliness, and manly fire
O'er all diffus'd its lustre. Yet with her
His gen'rous mind most sway'd, where shone each
thought
That delicacy knows, far more refin'd
Than suits the happy! Much he had convers'd
With rev'rend age, and learn'd from thence to prize .
A rural life, learn'd to prefer the peace
Of his own woods, to the discordant din
Of populous cities. What but fate could bar
Their wishes? What indeed! The morn was fix'd
To seal their plighted faith, the bridegroom rose

With all a bridegroom's transport, call'd his friends
To join the jocund train, and hasten forth
To greet th' expecting maid : still as he went
Anticipating Fancy's magic hand,
The thousand raptures drew which youthful breasts
Feel at approaching bliss. Alas ! how quick
Treads wo in pleasure's footsteps ! Now pursue
The fated youth, tho' words are sure too weak
To speak his horror, when nor well-known farm,
Nor wonted flocks he saw, but in their place
A pond'rous mound of snow. At early dawn
From the near Alp the cumb'rous ruin fell,
And crush'd Alberto's roof. To lend their aid
Th' assembled villagers were met, and now
From out the mass had brought once more to light
Th' ill-starr'd Matilda ! lovely still ! for still
A blush was on her cheek, and her clos'd eye
Shew'd but as sleep. Around her head she wore
Her bridal ornaments, deck'd as she was
To wait the nuptial. Ah ! deck'd in vain !
The grave thy marriage bed ! On the sad scene
Rodolpho gazes, stands awhile aghast,
The semblance of despair ; his swelling breast,
Torn by conflicting passions, from his tongue
Utt'rance withholds. He rolls his haggard eyes
On all around, as he would ask if e'er

Grief such as his were known ; then o'er the dead
A moment pausing, on her lips imprints
A thousand frantic kisses, her cold hand
With ardour seizes, and in broken sounds
Calls on Matilda's name. With that last word
The struggling soul a passage finds, and down
He sinks in death pale as the ambient snow.

SIR JAMES THE ROSS :

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.

[BRUCE.]

Of all the Scottish northern chiefs
Of high and mighty name,
The bravest was Sir James the Ross,
A knight of meikle fame.

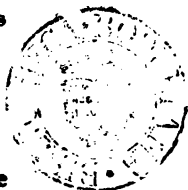
His growth was like a youthful oak,
That crowns the mountain's brow ;
And, waving o'er his shoulders broad,
His locks of yellow flew.

Wide were his fields ; his herds were large ;
And large his flocks of sheep ;
And numerous were his goats and deer
Upon the mountain steep.

The chieftain of the good clan Ross,
A firm and warlike band :
Five hundred warriors drew the sword
Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood
Against the English keen,
Ere two-and-twenty opening springs
The blooming youth had seen.

The fair Matilda dear he lov'd,
A maid of beauty rare ;
Ev'n Margaret on the Scottish throne
Was never half so fair.



Long had he woo'd ; long she refus'd
With seeming scorn and pride ;
Yet oft her eyes confess'd the love
Her fearful words denied.

At length she bless'd his well-tried love,
Allow'd his tender claim :

She vow'd to him her virgin heart,
And own'd an equal flame.

Her father, Buchan's cruel lord,
Their passion disapprov'd :
He bade her wed Sir John the Græme,
And leave the youth she lov'd.

One night they met, as they were wont,
Deep in a shady wood ;
Where on the bank, beside the burn,
A blooming saugh-tree stood.

Conceal'd among the underwood
The crafty Donald lay,
The brother of Sir John the Græme,
To watch what they might say :

When thus the maid began ; ' My sire
Our passion disapproves ;
He bids me wed Sir John the Græme,
So here must end our loves.

' My father's will must be obey'd,
Nought boots me to withstand :
Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom
Shall bless thee with her hand.

‘ Soon will Matilda be forgot,
And from thy mind effac’d ;
But may that happiness be thine,
Which I can never taste !’

‘ What do I hear ? Is this thy vow ?’
Sir James the Ross replied :
‘ And will Matilda wed the Græme,
Though sworn to be my bride ?’

‘ His sword shall sooner pierce my heart,
Than ’reave me of thy charma.’—
And clasp’d her to his throbbing breast,
Fast lock’d within her arms.

‘ I spoke to try thy love, (she said)
I’ll ne’er wed man but thee :
The grave shall be my bridal bed,
If Græme my husband be.

‘ Take then, dear youth ! this faithful kiss,
In witness of my troth ;
And every plague become my lot
That day I break my oath.’

They parted thus—the sun was set :
Up hasty Donald flies ;

And, ' Turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth !'
He loud insulting cries.

Soon turn'd about the fearless chief,
And soon his sword he drew ;
For Donald's blade before his breast
Had pierc'd his tartans through.

' This for my brother's slighted love ;
His wrongs sit on my arm.'
Three paces back the youth retir'd,
And sav'd himself from harm.

Returning swift, his sword he rear'd
Fierce Donald's head above ;
And through the brain and crashing bone
The furious weapon drove.

Life issued at the wound ; he fell,
A lump of lifeless clay :
' So fall my foes !' quoth valiant Ross,
And stately strode away.

Through the green wood in haste he pass'd
Unto Lord Buchan's hall ;
Beneath Matilda's windows stood,
And thus on her did call :

‘ Art thou asleep, Matilda fair?

Awake, my love! awake :

Behold thy lover waits without,

A long farewell to take ;

‘ For I have slain fierce Donald Græme,

His blood is on my sword :

And far, far distant are my men,

Nor can defend their lord.

‘ To Skye I will direct my flight,

Where my brave brothers bide ;

And raise the mighty of the Isles

To combat on my side.’

‘ O do not so,’ the maid replied,

‘ With me till morning stay ;

For dark and dreary is the night,

And dangerous is the way.

‘ All night I’ll watch thee in the park ;

My faithful page I’ll send

In haste to raise the brave clan Ross,

Their master to defend.’

He laid him down beneath a bush,

And wrap’d him in his plaid ;

While, trembling for her lover's fate,
At distance stood the maid.

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale ;
Till, in a lowly glen,
He met the furious Sir John Græme,
With twenty of his men.

' Where goest thou, little page ? (he said)
So late who did thee send ?'—
' I go to raise the brave clan Ross,
Their master to defend.

' For he has slain fierce Donald Græme,
His blood is on his sword ;
And far, far distant are his men,
Nor can assist their lord.'—

' And has he slain my brother dear ?'
The furious chief replies :
' Dishonour blast my name, but he
By me ere morning dies !'

Say, page, where is Sir James the Ross ?
I will thee well reward.'—
' He sleeps into Lord Buchan's park ;
Matilda is his guard.'—

They spur'd their steeds, and furious flew
Like lightning o'er the lea :
They reach'd Lord Buchan's lofty tow'rs
By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate
Upon a rising ground,
And watch'd each object in the dawn,
All ear to every sound.

' Where sleeps the Ross? (began the Græme)
Or has the felon fled?
This hand shall lay the wretch on earth
By whom my brother bled.'

And now the valiant knight awoke,
The virgin shrieking heard :
Straight up he rose, and drew his sword,
When the fierce band appear'd.

' Your sword last night my brother slew,
His blood yet dims its shine ;
And, ere the sun shall gild the morn,
Your blood shall reek on mine.'

' Your words are brave,' the chief return'd ;
' But deeds approve the man :

Set by your men, and hand to hand
We'll try what valour can.'

With dauntless step he forward strode,
And dar'd him to the fight :
The Græme gave back, and fear'd his arm,
For well he knew his might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,
Sunk down beneath his sword ;
But still he scorn'd the poor revenge,
And sought their haughty lord.

Behind him basely came the Græme,
And pierc'd him in the side :
Out spouting came the purple stream,
And all his tartans dy'd.

But yet his hand not drop'd the sword,
Nor sunk he to the ground,
Till through his enemy's heart his steel
Had forc'd a mortal wound.

Græme, like a tree by winds o'erthrown,
Fell breathless on the clay ;
And down beside him sunk the Ross,
And faint and dying lay.

Matilda saw, and fast she ran :
‘ O spare his life ! (she cried)
Lord Buchan’s daughter begs his life,
Let her not be denied.’

Her well-known voice the hero heard ;
He rais’d his death-clos’d eyes ;
He fix’d them on the weeping maid,
And weakly thus replies :

‘ In vain Matilda begs a life,
By death’s arrest denied ;
My race is run—adieu my love !’
Then clos’d his eyes, and died.

The sword, yet warm, from his left side,
With frantic hand she drew :
‘ I come, Sir James the Ross, (she cried)
I come to follow you.’

The hilt she lean’d against the ground,
And bar’d her snowy breast ;
Then fell upon her lover’s face,
And sunk to endless rest.

THE CONSULTATION OF PHYSICIANS.

AN EPISTLE FROM BATH.

[ANSTEY.]

DEAR mother, my time has been wretchedly spent,
With a gripe or a hickup wherever I went,
My stomach all swell'd, till I thought it would burst,
Sure never poor mortal with wind was so curst !
If ever I ate a good supper at night,
I dream'd of the devil, and wak'd in a fright :
And so, as I grew every day worse and worse,
The doctor advis'd me to send for a nurse,
And the nurse was so willing my health to restore,
She beg'd me to send for a few doctors more ;
For when any difficult work's to be done,
Many heads can dispatch it much sooner than one ;
And I find there are doctors enough at this place,
If you want to consult in a dangerous case !
So they all met together, and thus began talking :

‘ Good doctor, I’m your’s.—’tis a fine day for walk-
ing—

Sad news in the papers—G—d knows who's to blame !
The colonies seem to be all in a flame—
This stamp act, no doubt, might be good for the crown,
But I fear tis a pill that will never go down—
What can Portugal mean !—is she going to stir up
Convulsions and heats in the bowels of Europe ?
'Twill be fatal if England relapses again,
From the ill blood and humours of Bourbon and Spain.'

Says I—' My good doctors, I can't understand
Why the deuce ye take so many patients in hand ;
Ye've a great deal of practice, as far as I find ;
But since ye're come hither, do pray be so kind
To write me out something that's good for the wind.
No doubt ye are all of ye great politicians,
But at present my bowels have need of physicians :
Consider my case in the light it deserves,
And pity the state of my stomach and nerves.'—

But a tight little doctor began a dispute
About administrations, Newcastle, and Bute,
Talk'd much of œconomy, much of profuseness :
Says another—' This case, which at first was a looseness,
Is become a *Tenesmus*, and all we can do
Is to give him a gentle cathartic or two ;

First get off the phlegm that adheres to the Plicæ,
Then throw in a med'cine that's pretty and spicy ;
A peppermint draught,—or a—Come let us begone,
We have another bad case to consider at one.'

So thus they brush'd off, each his cane at his nose,
When Jenny came in, who had heard all their prose ;
' I'll teach them, (says she,) at their next consultation,
To come and take fees for the good of the nation.'

I could not conceive what the devil she meant,
But she seiz'd all the stuff that the doctor had sent,
And out of the window she flung it down souse,
As the first politician went out of the house.
Decoctions and syrups around him all flew,
The pill, bolus, julep, and apozem too ;
His wig had the luck a cathartic to meet,
And squash went the gallipot under his feet.
She said 'twas a shame I should swallow such stuff,
When my bowels were weak, and the physic so rough ;
Declar'd she was shock'd that so many should come
To be doctor'd to death such a distance from home,
At a place where they tell you that water alone
Can cure all distempers that ever were known.

A PUBLIC BREAKFAST.

[IBID.]

WHAT blessings attend, my dear mother, all those
Who to crowds of admirers their persons expose !
Do the gods such a noble ambition inspire ;
Or gods do we make of each ardent desire ?
O generous passion ! 'tis yours to afford
The splendid assembly, the plentiful board :
To thee do I owe such a breakfast this morn,
As I ne'er saw before since the hour I was born ;
'Twas you made my Lord Ragamuffin come here,
Who they say has been lately created a Peer,
And to-day with extreme complaisance and respect,
ask'd
All the people at Bath to a general breakfast.

You 've heard of my Lady Bunbutter, no doubt,
How she loves an assembly, fandango, or rout :
No lady in London is half so expert
At a snug private party her friends to divert ;
But they say that, of late, she's grown sick of the town,
And often to Bath condescends to come down :
Her ladyship's favourite house is the Bear ;
Her chariot, and servants, and horses are there.

My Lady declares that *retiring* is good ;
As all with a separate maintenance should :
For when you have put out the conjugal fire,
'Tis time for all sensible folk to retire :
If Hymen no longer his fingers will scorch,
Little Cupid for others can whip in his torch,
So pert is he grown, since the custom began
To be married and parted as quick as you can.

Now my Lord had the honour of coming down post,
To pay his respect to so famous a toast ;
In hopes he her Ladyship's favour might win,
By playing the part of a host at an inn.
I'm sure he's a person of great resolution,
Though delicate nerves, and a weak constitution;
For he carried us all to a place 'cross the river,
And vow'd that the rooms were too hot for his liver :
He said it would greatly our pleasure promote,
If we all for Spring Gardens set out in a boat.
I never as yet could his reason explain,
Why we all sallied forth in the wind and the rain,
For sure such confusion was never yet known ;
Here a cap and a hat, there a cardinal blown :
While his Lordship, embroider'd and powder'd all o'er,
Was bowing and handing the ladies ashore.
How the misses did huddle and scuddle, and run ;
One would think to be wet must be very good fun ;

For by waggling their tails, they all seem'd to take pains
To moisten their pinions like ducks when it rains ;
And 'twas pretty to see how, like birds of a feather,
The people of quality flock'd all together ;
All pressing, addressing, caressing and fond,
Just the same as those animals are in a pond.
You 've read all their names in the news, I suppose,
But, for fear you have not, take the list as it goes :

There was Lady Greasewrister,
And Madam Van-Twister,
Her Ladyship's sister.
Lord Cram, and Lord Vulture,
Sir Brandish O'Culter,
With Marshal Carouzer,
And Old Lady Mouzer,

And the great Hanoverian Baron Pansmowzer.
Besides many others, who all in the rain went,
On purpose to honour this great entertainment.
The company made a most brilliant appearance,
And ate bread and butter with great perseverance,
All the chocolate too, that my Lord set before 'em
The ladies dispatch'd with the utmost decorum.
Soft musical numbers were heard all around,
The horns and the clarions' echoing sound :
Sweet were the strains, as od'rous gales that blow
O'er fragrant banks, where pinks and roses grow.

The Peer was quite ravish'd, while close to his side
Sat Lady Bunbutter, in beautiful pride !
Oft turning his eyes, he with rapture survey'd
All the powerful charms she so nobly display'd.
As when at the feast of the great Alexander,
Timotheus, the musical son of Thersander,
Breath'd heavenly measures ;

The prince was in pain,
And could not contain,
While Thais was sitting beside him ;
But, before all his peers,
Was for shaking the spheres,
Such goods the kind gods did provide him.

Grew bolder and bolder,
And cock'd up his shoulder,
Like the son of great Jupiter Ammon,
Till at length quite opprest,
He sunk on her breast,
And lay there as dead as a salmon.

O had I a voice that was stronger than steel,
With twice fifty tongues to express what I feel,
And as many good mouths, yet I never could utter
All the speeches my Lord made to Lady Bunbutter !

So polite all the time, that he ne'er touch'd a bit,
While she ate up his rolls and applauded his wit :
For they tell me that men of *true taste* when they treat,
Should talk a great deal, but they never should eat :
And if that be the fashion I never will give
Any grand entertainment as long as I live ;
For I'm of opinion 'tis proper to cheer
The stomach and bowels as well as the ear.
Nor me did the charming concerto of Abel
Regale like the breakfast I saw on the table :
I freely will own I the muffins prefer'd
To all the genteel conversation I heard,
E'en tho' I'd the honour of sitting between
My Lady Stuff-damask and Peggy Moreen,
Who both flew to Bath in the nightly machine.
Cries Peggy, ' This place is enchantingly pretty,
We never can see such a thing in the city :
You may spend all your life time in Cateaton-street,
And never so civil a gentleman meet ;
You may talk what you please ; you may search Lon-
don through ;
You may go to Carlisle's and to Almanac's too ;
And I'll give you my head if you find such a host,
For coffee, tea, chocolate, butter, and toast :
How he welcomes at once all the world and his wife,
And how civil to folk he ne'er saw in his life !

These horns, cries my Lady, so tickle one's ear,
Lard ! what would I give that Sir Simon was here !
To the next public breakfast Sir Simon shall go,
For I find here are folks one may venture to know !
Sir Simon would gladly his Lordship attend,
And my Lord would be pleas'd with so cheerful a friend.

So when we had wasted more bread at a breakfast
Than the poor of our parish have ate for this week past,
I saw all at once a prodigious great throng
Come bustling, and rustling, and jostling along,
For his Lordship was pleas'd that the company now
To my Lady Bunbutter should curt'sey and bow ;
And my Lady was pleas'd too, and seem'd vastly proud
At once to receive all the thanks of a crowd :
And when, like Chaldeans, we all had ador'd
This beautiful image set up by my Lord,
Some few insignificant folk went away,
Just to follow th' employments and calls of the day :
But those who knew better their time how to spend,
The fiddling and dancing all chose to attend.
Miss Clunch and Sir Toby perform'd a Cotillion,
Just the same as our Susan and Bob the Postillion,
All the while her mamma was expressing her joy,
That her daughter the morning so well could employ.

Now why should the muse, my dear mother, relate
The misfortunes that fall to the lot of the great,
As homeward we came—'tis with sorrow you'll hear
What a dreadful disaster attended the Peer :
For whether some envious god had decreed
That a Naiad should long to ennoble the breed ;
Or whether his Lordship was charm'd to behold
His face in the stream, like Narcissus of old ;
In handing old Lady Bumfidgit and daughter,
This obsequious Lord tumbled into the water ;
But a nymph of the flood brought him safe to the boat,
And I left all the ladies a-cleaning his coat.

Thus the feast was concluded, as far as I hear,
To the great satisfaction of all that were there.
O may he give breakfasts as long as he stays,
For I ne'er ate a better in all my born days.

Bath, 1766.

THE FAREWELL TO BATH.

[IBID.]

ALAS, my dear mother, our evil and good
By few is distinguish'd, by few understood!
How oft are we doom'd to repent at the end,
Th' events that our pleasantest prospects attend!
As Solon declar'd, in the last scene alone,
All the joys of our life, all our sorrows are known.
When first I came hither for vapours and wind,
To cure all distempers, and study mankind,
How little I dream'd of the tempest behind!
I never once thought what a furious blast,
What storms of distress would o'erwhelm me at last.
How wretched am I! what a fine declamation
Might be made on the subject of my situation!
I'm a fable!—an instance!—and serve to dispense
An example to all men of spirit and sense,
To all men of fashion, and all men of wealth,
Who come to this place to recover their health:
For my means are so small, and my bills are so large,
I ne'er can come home till you send a discharge.
Let the Muse speak the cause, if a Muse yet remain
To supply me with rhymes, and express all my pain.

Paid bells, and musicians,
Drugs, nurse, and physicians,
Balls, raffles, subscriptions, and chairs ;
Wigs, gowns, skins, and trimming,
Good books for the women,
Plays, concerts, tea, negus, and prayers.

Paid the following schemes,
Of all who it seems
Make charity-bus'ness their care :
A gamester decay'd,
And a prudish old maid
By gaiety brought to despair :

A fiddler of note,
Who, for lace on his coat,
To his tailor was much in arrears :
An author of merit,
Who wrote with such spirit
The pillory took off his ears.

A sum, my dear mother, far heavier yet,
Captain Cormorant won when I learn'd lansquenet ;
Two hundred I paid him, and five am in debt :
For the five I had nothing to do but to write,
For the Captain was very well-bred and polite,

And took, as he saw my expences were great,
My bond, to be paid on the Clodpole estate ;
And asks nothing more while the money is lent
Than interest paid him at twenty per cent.

But I'm shock'd to relate what distresses befall
Miss Jenny, my sister, and Tabby and all.
Miss Jenny, poor thing, from this Bath expedition,
Was in hopes very soon to have chang'd her condition :
But rumour has brought certain things to her ear,
Which I ne'er will believe, yet am sorry to hear ;
' That the Captain, her lover, her dear Romeo,
Was banish'd the army a great while ago :
That his friends and his foes he alike can betray,
And picks up a scandalous living by play.'
But if e'er I could think that the Captain had cheated,
Or my dear cousin Jenny unworthily treated,
By all that is sacred I swear, for his pains
I'd cudgel him first, and then blow out his brains,
For the man I abhor like the devil, dear mother,
Who one thing conceals, and professes another.

O how shall we know the right way to pursue ?
Do the ills of mankind from religion accrue ?
Religion design'd to relieve all our care,
Has brought my poor sister to grief and despair :

Now she talks of damnation, and screws up her face ;
Then prates about Roger, and spiritual grace ;
Her senses, alas ! seem at once gone astray—
No pen can describe it, no letter convey.

But the man *without sin*, that Moravian Rabbi,
Has perfectly cured the Chlorosis of Tabby ;
And, if right I can judge, from her shape and her face,
She soon may produce him an infant of grace.

Now they say that all people in our situation,
Are very fine subjects for regeneration ;
But I think, my dear mother, the best we can do,
Is to pack up our all, and return back to you.

Farewell then, ye streams,
Ye poetical thèmes !
Sweet fountains for curing the spleen !
I'm griev'd to the heart
Without cash to depart,
And quit this adorable scene !

Where gaming and grace
Each other embrace,
Dissipation and piety meet :
May all who've a notion
Of cards or devotion,
Make Bath their delightful retreat !

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON;

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LORD CLARE.

[GOLDSMITH.]

THANKS, my lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter
Never rang'd in a forest, or smok'd in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting

To spoil such a delicate picture by eating;
I had thoughts, in my chambers, to place it in view,
To be shewn to my friends as a piece of virtue;
As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show:
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fry'd in.
But hold—let me pause.—don't I hear you pronounce
This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce;
Well, suppose it a bounce.—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.

But, my lord, it's no bounce: I protest in my turn,
It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Burn.

To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch;
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's;
But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the
when.

There's H——d, and C——y, and H——rth, and H——ff;
I think they love venison—I know they love beef.
There's my countryman Higgins—Oh! let him alone,
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them their health 'it might hurt,
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.
While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself, enter'd;
An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smil'd as he look'd at the venison and me.
'What have we got here?—Why this is good eating!
Your own I suppose—or is it in waiting?'
'Why whose should it be? (cried I with a flounce,)
I get these things often;'—but that was a bounce:
'Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleas'd to be kind—but I hate ostentation.'

‘ If that be the case then, cried he, very gay,
I’m glad I have taken this house in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me ;
No words—I insist on’t—precisely at three :
We’ll have Johnson and Burke, all the wits will be there ;
My acquaintance is slight, or I’d ask my lord Clare.
And, now that I think on’t, as I am a sinner!
We wanted this venison to make out a dinner.
What say you, a pasty, it shall, and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end ;
No stirring—I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend !
Thus snatching his hat, he brush’d off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow’d behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And ‘ nobody with me at sea but myself ;’
Tho’ I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,
Were things that I never dialik’d in my life,
Tho’ clog’d with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
So next day in due splendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine,
(A chair-lumber’d closet just twelve feet by nine :)

My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite
dumb,

With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come ;

‘ For I knew it,’ he cried, ‘ both eternally fail,

The one with his speeches, and t’other with Thrals ;

But no matter, I’ll warrant we’ll make up the party,

With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.

The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,

They both of them merry, and authors like you ;

The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge ;

Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge.’

While thus he describ’d them by trade and by name,

They enter’d, and dinner was serv’d as they came.

At the top a fried liver, and bacon were seen,

At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen ;

At the sides there was spinage and pudding made hot ;

In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.

Now, my lord, as for tripe it’s my utter aversion,

And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian,

So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,

While the bacon and liver went merrily round :

But what vex’d me most was that d——’d Scottish
rogue,

With his long-winded speeches, his smiles, and his
brogue,

And, 'madam, (quoth he) may this bit be my poison,
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on ;
Pray a slice of your liver, tho' may I be curst,
But I've eat of your tripe, till I'm ready to burst.'
'The tripe,' quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
'I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week :
I like these here dinners so pretty and small ;
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all.'
'O—ho ! quoth my friend, he'll come on in a trice,
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice :
There's a pasty'—'A pasty !' repeated the Jew ;
'I don't care, if I keep a corner for't too.'
'What the de'el, mon, a pasty !' re-echo'd the Scot,
'Tho' splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that.'
'We'll all keep a corner,' the lady cry'd out ;
'We'll all keep a corner,' was echo'd about.
While thus we resolv'd, and the pasty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid !
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out, for who could mistake her ?
That she come with some terrible news from the baker :
And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven,
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let similies drop—
And now that I think on't, the story may stop.

To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplac'd,
To send such good verses to one of your taste ;
You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning ;
At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own.
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED,

Whether Hamilton's Bawn should be turned into a Barrack or a Malthouse ?

[SWIFT.]

THUS spoke to my lady the knight, full of care :
' Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton's Bawn, whilst it sticks on my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land ;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a barrack or malthouse we now must consider.

' First, let me suppose I make it a malthouse,
Here I have computed the profit will fall t' us ;

There's nine-hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain ;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a day, and three hogsheads a year.
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stor'd,
No little scrub-joint shall come on my board ;
And you and the Dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine ;
Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my sirloin.
If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant ;
My dear ! I have ponder'd again and again on't ;
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent ;
Whatever they give me I must be content,
Or join with the court in ev'ry debate,
And rather than that I would lose my estate.'

Thus ended the knight ; thus began his meek wife ;
' It must and it shall be a barrack, my life !
I'm grown a mere mopus ; no company comes
But a rabble of tenants and rusty dull rums.*
With parsons what lady can keep herself clean ?
I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the Dean.
But if you will give us a barrack, my dear !
The Captain, I'm sure, will always come here :

* A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman.

I then shall not value his deanship a straw,
 For the captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe :
 Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
 Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert ;
 That men of his coat should be minding their pray'rs,
 And not among ladies to give themselves airs.'

Thus argu'd my lady, but argu'd in vain ;
 The knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain.

But Hannah, who listen'd to all that was past,
 And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
 As soon as her ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
 Cry'd, ' Madam, why surely my master's possess'd !
 Sir Arthur the maltster ! how fine it will sound !
 I'd rather the Bawn were sunk under ground.
 But, madam, I guess'd there would never come good,
 When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood.
 And now my dream's out ; for I was a-dream'd
 That I saw a huge rat ; O dear ! how I scream'd ;
 And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes ;
 And Molly she said I should hear some ill news.

' Dear madam ! had you but the spirit to tease,
 You might have a barrack whenever you please :

And, madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a husband like him, I purtest,
Till he gave me my will I would give him no rest ;
And rather than come in the same pair of sheets
With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets.
But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
And worry him out till he gives his consent.

‘ Dear madam, whene’er of a barrack I think,
An’ I were to be hang’d I can’t sleep a wink ;
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can’t get it out, tho’ I’d never so fain.
I fancy already a barrack contriv’d
At Hamilton’s Bawn, and the troop is arriv’d :
Of this, to be sure, Sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the captain betimes the next morning.

‘ Now see when they meet how their honours behave :
Noble captain ! your servant—Sir Arthur ! your slave.
You honour me much—The honour is mine—
’Twas a sad rainy night—but the morning is fine—
Pray how does my lady ?—My wife’s at your service—
I think I have seen her picture by Jarvis—
Good-morrow, good captain !—I’ll wait on you down—
You sha’n’t stir a foot—You’ll think me a clown—

For all the world, captain, not half an inch further—
You must be obey'd ; Your servant, Sir Arthur ;
My humble respects to my lady unknown—
I hope you will use my house as your own.'

'Go bring me my smock, and leave off your prate ;
Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate.'
'Pray, madam, be quiet ; what was it I said?—
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.'

'Next day, to be sure, the captain will come
At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum.
Now, madam, observe how he marches in state ;
The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate :
Dub, dub, a-dub, dub. The trumpeters follow ;
Tantara, tantara ; while all the boys holla.
See now comes the captain all daub'd with gold lace :
O law ! the sweet gentleman ! look in his face ;
And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand ;
And his horse, the dear *creter* ! it prances and rears
With ribands in knots at its tail and its ears.
At last comes the troop, by the word of command,
Drawn up in our court, when the captain cries, stand !
Your ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen,
(For sure I had dizen'd you out like a queen,)

The captain, to shew he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver ;
(His beaver is cock'd, pray madam, mark that,
For a captain of horse never takes off his hat,
Because he has never a hand that is idle,
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the
bridle,)

Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair !
(How I tremble to think of the blood it hath spilt !)
Then he low'rs down the point, and kisses the hilt—
Your ladyship smiles, and thus you begin :
Pray, captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk in.
The captain salutes you with congee profound,
And your ladyship curtsies half-way to the ground.

• Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us ;
I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us :
And, captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,
And take a short dinner here with us to day :
You're heartily welcome ; but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year :
If I had expected so worthy a guest—
Lord ! madam ! your ladyship sure is in jest ;
You banter me, madam—the kingdom must grant
You officers, captain, are so complaisant—

"Hist, hussy! I think I hear somebody coming."—
No, madam; 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.

' To shorten my tale, (for I hate a long story,)
The captain at dinner appears in his glory:
The dean and the doctor have humbled their pride,
For the captain's entreated to sit by your side;
And, because he's their betters, you carve for him first;
The parsons for envy are ready to burst:
The servants, amazed, are scarce ever able
To keep off their eyes as they wait at the table;
And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
To peep at the captain in all his fine clo'es.
Dear madam! be sure he's a fine spoken man;
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran:
And madam, says he, if such dinners you give;
You'll never want parsons as long as you live;
I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose,
But the devil's as welcome wherever he goes.
Why d—me, they bid us reform and repent,
But, z—s, by their looks they never keep lent.
Mister Curate, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid
You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid;
I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
In mending your cassock and smoothing your band:

(For the dean was so shabby, and look'd like a ninny,
That the captain suppos'd he was curate to Jenny.*)

‘ Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
And, madam, I laugh'd, till I thought I should split :
So then you look'd scornful, and snift at the dean,
As who should say, Now, am I skinny and lean?†
But he durst not so much as open his lips,
And the doctor was plaguily down in the hips.’

Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till she heard the dean call, ‘ Will your ladyship walk ?
Her ladyship answers, ‘ I am just coming down :’
Then turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Altho’ it was plain in her heart she was glad,
Cry’d ‘ Hussy ! why sure the wench is gone mad :
How could these chimeras get into your brains ?—
Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
But the dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers :
For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye,
Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy.’

* The Doctor's name was Jenny.

† A Nick-name for my lady.

THE SOLILOQUY OF AN AUTHOR.

[JAGO.]

To print, or not to print—that is the question.
Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury
The quirks and crotchets of outrageous Fancy,
Or send a well-wrote copy to the press,
And, by disclosing, end them. To print, to doubt
No more; and by one act to say we end
The head-ach, and a thousand natural shocks
Of scribbling frenzy—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To print—to beam
From the same shelf with Pope, in calf well bound :
To sleep, perchance, with Quarles—Ay, there's the rub—
For to what class a writer may be doom'd,
When he hath shuffled off some paltry stuff,
Must give us pause. There's the respect that makes
Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.
For who would bear th' impatient thirst of fame,
The pride of conscious merit, and 'bove all,
The tedious importunity of friends,
When as himself might his quietus make
With a bare inkhorn? Who would fardles bear?

To groan and sweat under a load of wit ?
But that the tread of steep Parnassus' hill,
That undiscover'd country, with whose bays
Few travellers return, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
Than run the hazard to be known, and damn'd.
Thus critics do make cowards of us all.
And thus the healthful face of many a poem
Is sicklied o'er with a pale manuscript ;
And enterprizers of great fire and spirit,
With this regard from Doodlebury turn away,
And lose the name of Authors.

THE PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT.

[T. WARTON.]

WHEN now mature in classic knowledge,
The joyful youth is sent to college,
His father comes, a vicar plain,
At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign,
And thus in form of humble suitor,
Bowing, accosts a rev'rend tutor :

' Sir, I'm a Glo'stershire divine,
And this my eldest son of nine ;

My wife's ambition and my own
Was that this child should wear a gown :
I'll warrant that his good behaviour
Will justify your future favour ;
And for his parts, to tell the truth,
My son's a very forward youth ;
Has Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—
And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder.
If you'd examine—and admit him,
A scholarship would nicely fit him ;
That he succeeds 'tis ten to one ;
Your vote and interest, Sir !—'tis done.

Our pupil's hopes, though twice defeated,
Are with a scholarship completed.
A scholarship but half maintains,
And college-rules are heavy chains :
In garret dark he smokes and puns,
A prey to discipline and duns ;
But now, intent on new designs,
Sighs for a fellowship—and fines.

When nine full tedious winters past,
That utmost wish is crown'd at last :
But the rich prize no sooner got,
Again he quarrels with his lot :

‘ These fellowships are pretty things,
We live indeed like petty kings :
But who can bear to waste his whole age
Amid the dulness of a college,
Debar’d the common joys of life,
And that prime bliss—a loving wife!
O! what’s a table richly spread,
Without a woman at its head!
Would some snug benefice but fall,
Ye feasts, ye dinners! farewell all!
To offices I’d bid adieu,
Of Dean, Vice Præs.—of Bursar too ;
Come joys, that rural quiet yields,
Come tythes, and house, and fruitful fields!

Too fond of freedom and of ease
A patron’s vanity to please,
Long time he watches, and by stealth,
Each frail incumbent’s doubtful health :
At length, and in his fortieth year,
A living drops—two hundred clear!
With breast elate beyond expression,
He hurries down to take possession,
With rapture views the sweet retreat—
‘ What a convenient house! how neat!
For fuel here’s sufficient wood :
Pray God the cellars may be good!

The garden—that must be new plan'd—
Shall these old fashion'd yew trees stand?
O'er yonder vacant plot shall rise
The flowery shrub of thousand dyes :
Yon wall that feels the southern ray,
Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay :
While thick beneath its aspect warm,
O'er well-ranged hives the bees shall swarm,
From which, ere long, of golden gleam
Metheglin's luscious juice shall stream :
This awkward hut, o'er-grown with ivy,
We'll alter to a modern privy :
Up yon green slope of hazels trim,
An avenue so cool and dim
Shall to an arbour at the end,
In spite of gout, entice a friend.
My predecessor lov'd devotion—
But of a garden had no notion.'

Continuing this fantastic farce on,
He now commences country parson.
To make his character entire,
He weds—a cousin of the 'Squire ;
Not over-weighty in the purse,
But many doctors have done worse :
And though she boasts no charms divine,
Yet she can carve, and make birch wine.

Thus fixt, content he taps his barrel,
Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel;
Finds his churchwardens have discerning
Both in good liquor, and good learning;
With tythes his barns replete he sees;
And chuckles o'er his surplice-facs;
Studies to find out latent dues,
And regulates the state of pews;
Rides a sleek mare with purple housing,
To share the monthly club's carousing:
Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
And—but on Sundays—hears no bells;
Sends presents of his choicest fruit,
And prunes himself each sapless shoot;
Plants cauliflow'rs, and boasts to rear
The earliest melons of the year;
Thinks alteration charming work is,
Keeps bantam cocks, and feeds his turkies;
Builds in his copse a favourite bench,
And stores the pond with carp and tench.

But ah! too soon his thoughtless breast
By cares domestic is oppress'd;
And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin:
For children fresh expences yet,
And Dicky now for school is fit.

'Why did I sell my cottage life,'
He cries, 'for benefice and wife?
Return, ye days, when endless pleasure
I found in reading, or in leisure!
When calm around the common room
I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume!
Rode for a stomach, and inspected,
At annual bottlings, corks selected:
And dined untax'd, untroubled, under
The portrait of our pious Founder!
When impositions were supplied
To light my pipe—or sooth my pride—
No cares were then for forward peas,
A yearly-longing wife to please;
My thoughts no christ'ning dinners crost,
No children cried for butter'd toast;
And every night I went to bed,
Without a modus in my head!'

Oh! trifling head, and fickle heart!
Chagrin'd at whatsoe'er thou art;
A dupe to follies yet untried,
And sick of pleasures scarce enjoy'd!
Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,
And in pursuit alone it pleases.

ADVICE TO A LADY.

[LORD LYTTELTON.]

THE counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatt'ries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men,
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I shew
What female vanity might fear to know :
Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere,
But greater your's, sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends :
All who approach them their own ends pursue ;
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays ;
Hence by fond dreams of fancied pow'r amused,
When most ye tyrannize, you're most abused.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition ? To be fair.
For this the toilet ev'ry thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys ;

For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule :
And yet how few have learnt, when this is giv'n,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heav'n !
How few with all their pride of form can move !
How few are lovely, that were made for love !
Do you, my Fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind as well as dress ;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dang'rous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense ;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble women to sustain ;
Of those who claim it, more than half have none ;
And half of those who have it, are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts :
For you the plainest is the wisest rule,
A cunning woman is a knavish fool.

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
prudes rail at whores ; as statesmen in disgrace,
At ministers ; because they wish their place.

Virtue is amiable, mild, serene ;
Without, all beauty ; and all peace, within :
The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form ;
Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, 'but aim not to be great ;
A woman's noblest station is retreat :
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight ;
Domestic worth—that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man Ambition's task resign :
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine ;
To labour for a sunk, corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breast should move,
Th' important business of your life is love :
To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd ;
With caution choose ; but then be fondly kind :
The selfish heart, that, but by halves, is giv'n,
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heav'n ;

Here, sweet extremes, alone, can truly bless :
The virtue of a lover is excess.

~ A maid unask'd may own a well-placed flame ;
Not loving first, but loving wrong is shame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain.
Short is the period of insulting pow'r ;
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour ;
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
Whose soul entire by him she loves possess,
Feels ev'ry vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no pow'r but that of pleasing most :
Hers is the bliss, in just return, to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love ;
For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But lest harsh Care the lover's peace destroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of Joy,
Let Reason teach what Passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be tied.

Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry Fortune on their union frown ;
Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.
Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain ;
And that fond love, which should afford relief,
Does but increase the anguish of their grief :
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain ;
Than wed the wretch whom you despise or hate,
For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.
The most abandon'd prostitutes are they
Who not to love, but avarice, fall a prey :
Nor aught avails the specious name of wife :
A maid so wedded is a whore for life.

Ev'n in the happiest choice, where fav'ring Heav'n
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done ;
The prize of happiness must still be won :
And oft the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost ;

The Graces might, alone, his heart allure :
They and the Virtues, meeting, must secure.

Let ev'n your prudence wear the pleasing dress
Of care for him, and anxious tenderness.
From kind concern about his weal or wo,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
The household sceptre if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his servant to appear ;
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The mistress still shall charm him in the wife :
And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone :
Ev'n o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The task were harder, to secure my own
Against the pow'r of those already known ;
For well you twist the secret chains that bind,
With gentle force, the captivated mind ;
Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
Each flatt'ring hope, and each alluring joy :
I own your genius, and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

SOLILOQUY

OF A BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY.

[IBID.]

'Twas night; and Flavia to her room retir'd,
With ev'ning chat and sober reading tir'd;
There, melancholy, pensive, and alone,
She meditates on the forsaken town;
On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said:

' Ah! what avails it to be young and fair,
To move with negligence, to-dress with care?
What worth have all the charms our pride can boast,
If all in envious solitude are lost?
Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle:
Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shewn;
Both most are valued where they best are known.
With every grace of nature, or of art,
We cannot break one stubborn country heart:
The brutes, insensible, our power defy:
To love, exceeds a 'squire's capacity.

The town, the court, is beauty's proper sphere ;
That is our heav'n, and we are angels there :
In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove ;
The court of Britain is the court of Love.
How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,
How have my sparkling eyes their transport shew'd,
At each distinguish'd birth-night ball to see
The homage due to empire paid to me !
When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
And dreaded mine more than the monarch's frown ;
When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
Less jealous in their power than in their love.
Chang'd is the scene, and all my glories die,
Like flowers transplanted to a colder sky ;
Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
In stupid indolence my life is spent,
Supinely calm and dully innocent :
Unbless'd I wear my useless time away,
Sleep, wretched maid ! all night, and dream all day ;
Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer,
For dulness ever must be regular.
Now with mama at tedious whist I play,
Now without scandal drink insipid tea,
Or in the garden breathe the country air,
Secure from meeting any tempter there ;

From books to work, from work to books I rove,
And am, alas! at leisure to improve.
Is this the life a beauty ought to lead?
Were eyes so radiant only made to read?
These fingers, at whose touch ev'n age would glow,
Are these of use for nothing but to sew?
Sure erring nature never could design
To form a housewife in a mould like mine!
O Venus! queen and guardian of the fair,
Attend propitious to thy vot'ry's prayer;
Let me revisit the dear town again,
Let me be seen!—Could I that wish obtain,
All other wishes my own pow'r would gain.'

EPISTLE TO A LADY IN TOWN,

Soon after her leaving the Country.

[JENYNS.]

WHILST you, dear maid, o'er thousands born to reign,
For the gay town exchange the rural plain,
The cooling breeze and ev'ning walk forsake
For stifling crowds, which your own beauties make;
Thro' circling joys while you incessant stray,
Charm in the Mall, and sparkle at the play;

Think (if successive vanities can spare
One thought to love) what cruel pangs I bear,
Left in these plains all wretched, and alone,
To weep with fountains, and with echoes groan,
And mourn incessantly that fatal day,
That all my bliss with Chloe snatch'd away.

Say by what arts I can relieve my pain,
Music, verse, all I try, but try in vain;
In vain the breathing flute my hand employs,
Late the companion of my Chloe's voice,
Nor Handel's nor Corelli's tuneful airs
Can harmonise my soul, or sooth my cares;
Those once-lov'd med'cines unsuccessful prove,
Music, alas! is but the voice of love!
In vain I oft harmonious lines peruse,
And seek for aid from Pope's and Prior's muse;
Their treach'rous numbers but assist the foe,
And call forth scenes of sympathising wo:
Here Heloise mourns her absent lover's charms,
There parting Emma sighs in Henry's arms;
Their loves like mine ill-fated I bemoan,
And in their tender sorrows read my own.

Restless sometimes, as oft the mournful dove
Forsakes her nest, forsaken by her love,

I fly from home, and seek the sacred fields
Where Cast's old urn its silver current yields,
Where solemn tow'rs o'erlook each mossy grove,
As if to guard it from th' assaults of love ;
Yet guard in vain, for there my Chloe's eyes
But lately made whole colleges her prize ;
Her sons, tho' few, not Pallas could defend,
Nor Dullness succour to her thousands lend ;
Love, like a fever with infectious rage,
Scorch'd up the young, and thaw'd the frost of age :
To gaze at her ev'n Don's were seen to run,
And leave unfinish'd pipes, and authors—scarce begun.

So Helen look'd, and moved with such a grace,
When the grave seniors of the Trojan race
Were forced those fatal beauties to admire,
That all their youth consumed, and set their town on
fire.

At famed Newmarket oft I spend the day,
An unconcern'd spectator of the play ;
There pitiless observe the ruin'd heir
With anger fired, or melting with despair ;
For how should I his trivial loss bemoan,
Who feel one, so much greater, of my own ?
There while the golden heaps, a glorious prize,
Wait the decision of two rival dice,

Whilst long disputes 'twixt ~~seven~~ and ~~five~~ remain,
And each, like parties, have their friends for gain,
Without one wish I see the guineas shine,
' Fate, keep your gold, (I cry) make Chloe mine.'
Now see, prepared their utmost speed to try,
O'er the smooth turf the bounding racers fly!
Now more and more their slender limbs they strain,
And foaming stretch along the velvet plain!
Ah stay! swift steeds, your rapid flight delay,
No more the jockey's smarting lash obey:
But rather let my hand direct the rein,
And guide your steps a nobler prize to gain;
Then swift as eagles cut the yielding air,
Bear me, oh bear me to the absent fair.

Now when the winds are hush'd, the air serene,
And cheerful sunbeams gild the beauteous scene,
Pensive o'er all the neighb'ring fields I stray,
Where'er or choice or chance directs the way:
Or view the op'ning lawns; or private woods,
Or distant bluish hills, or silver floods:
Now harmless birds in silken nets insnare,
Now with swift dogs pursue the flying hare:
Dull sports! for oh my Chloe is not there!

Fatigued at length, I willingly retire
To a small study, and a cheerful fire,

There o'er some folio pore ; I pore 'tis true,
But oh my thoughts are fled, and fled to you !
I hear you, see you, feast upon your eyes,
And clasp with eager arms the lovely prize ;
Here for a while I could forget my pain,
Whilst I by dear affliction live again :
But ev'n these joys are too sublime to last,
And quickly fade, like all the real ones past ;
For just when now beneath some silent grove
I hear you talk—and talk perhaps of love,
Or charm with thrilling notes the list'ning ear,
Sweeter than angels sing, or angels hear,
My treach'rous hand its weighty charge lets go,
The book falls thund'ring on the floor below,
The pleasing vision in a moment's gone,
And I once more am wretched, and alone.

So when glad Orpheus from th' infernal shade
Had just recall'd his long-lamented maid,
Soon as her charms had reach'd his eager eyes,
Lost in eternal night—again she dies.

HENRY AND EMMA.

[PRIOR.]

WHERE beauteous Isis and her husband Thame
With mingled waves for ever flow the same,
In times of yore an ancient baron lived ;
Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect received.

When dreadful Edward with successful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war,
This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to the king's commands ;
And (all due honours faithfully discharged)
Had brought back his paternal coat, enlarged
With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From the loud camp retired and noisy court,
In honourable ease and rural sport
The remnant of his days he safely pass'd,
Nor found they lag'd too slow, nor flew too fast.
He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaste and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir ;
They call'd her Emma; for the beauteous dame,
Who gave the virgin birth, had borne the name :
The name th' indulgent father doubly loved,
For in the child the mother's charms improved :
Yet as when little round his knees she play'd,
He call'd her oft, in sport, his *Nut-brown Maid*.
The friends and tenants took the fondling word,
(As still they please, who imitate their lord)
Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun ;
The mutual terms around the lands were known ;
And Emma and the *Nut-brown Maid* were one.

As with her stature still her charms increased ;
Thro' all the isle her beauty was confess'd.
Oh ! what perfections must that virgin share,
Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair !
From distant shires repair the noble youth,
And find report, for once, had lessen'd truth.
By wonder first, and then by passion moved,
They came ; they saw ; they marvell'd ; and they loved.
By public praises, and by secret sighs,
Each own'd the gen'ral power of Emma's eyes.
In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove,
By glorious deeds to purchase Emma's love:

In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
And graced their choicest songs with Emma's name.
In vain they combated, in vain they writ :
Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.
Great Venus only must direct the dart,
Which else will never reach the fair one's heart,
Spite of th' attempts of force, and soft effects of art.
Great Venus must prefer the happy one :
In Henry's cause her favour must be shewn :
And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone.

While these in public to the castle came,
And by their grandeur justify'd their flame,
More secret ways the careful Henry takes ;
His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes :
In borrow'd name and false attire array'd,
Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit drest,
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast ;
In his right hand his beechen pole he bears,
And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
Still to the glade, where she has bent her way,
With knowing skill he drives the future prey ;
Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake,
And shews the path her steed may safest take ;

Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound,
Pleased in his toils to have her triumph crown'd,
And blows her praises with no common sound.

A falc'ner Henry is when Emma hawks :
With her of tartsels and of lures he talks.
Upon his wrist the tow'ring Merlin stands,
Practised to rise, and stoop, at her commands.
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down,
With humble rev'rence he accosts the fair,
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
Yet still, as from the sportive field he goes,
His downcast eye reveals his inward woes ;
And by his look and sorrow is exprest,
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast.

A shepherd now along the plain he roves,
And with his jolly pipe delights the groves.
The neighb'ring swains around the stranger throng,
Or to admire or emulate his song :
While, with soft sorrow, he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise.
But soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain ;
With dutiful respect, and studious fear,
Lest any careless sound offend the ear.

A frantic gipsy now, the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.
With the fond maids in palmistry he deals:
They tell the secret first, which he reveals:
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd;
What groom shall get, and squire maintain the child.
But when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A softer look unbends his op'ning brow;
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in soft accents forms the kind reply;
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair,
And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserved for her.

Now oft had Henry changed his sly disguise,
Unmark'd by all, but beauteous Emma's eyes;
Oft had found means alone to see the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his am'rous flame;
And oft the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love:
Till time and industry (the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.

While Cupid smiled, by kind occasion blest,
And with the secret kept the love increas'd,
The am'rous youth frequents the silent groves,
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves, 'tis true, and is belov'd again ;
Great are his joys ; but will they long remain ?
Emma with smiles receives his present flame ;
But, smiling, will she ever be the same ?
Beautiful looks are ruled by fickle minds,
And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds :
Another love may gain her easy youth :
Time changes thought, and flatt'ry conquers truth.

O impotent estate of human life !
Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife ;
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire ;
And most we question, what we most desire.
Amongst thy various gifts, great heav'n, bestow
Our cup of love unmix'd ; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in ; nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief : for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste ;
Or deems it not sincere ; or fears it cannot last.

With wishes raised, with jealousies oppress,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breast)

By one great trial he resolves to prove
The faith of woman, and the force of love.
If, scanning Emma's virtues, he may find
That beauteous frame enclose a steady mind,
He'll fix his hope of future joy secure,
And live a slave to Hymen's happy pow'r.
But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail;
If, pois'd aright in reason's equal scale,
Light fly her merits, and her faults prevail;
His mind he vows to free from am'rous care,
The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.

South of the castle, in a verdant glade,
A spreading beech extends her friendly shade :
Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard;
Here oft her silence had her heart declared.
As active spring awaked her infant buds,
And genial life inform'd the verdant woods,
Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half express'd and half conceal'd his flame
Upon the tree ; and as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
That as the wound, the passion might increase.
As potent nature shed her kindly show'rs,
And deck'd the various mead with op'ning flowers,

Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair ;
Which as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleased with his conquest, with her present crown'd,
Glorious thro' all the plains he oft had gone,
And to each swain the mystic honour shewn
The gift still praised, the giver still unknown.

His secret note the troubled Henry writes ;
To the known tree the lovely maid invites :
Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace ;
That he must something to her ear commend,
On which her conduct and his life depend.

Soon as the fair one had the note receiv'd,
The remnant of the day alone she giv'd :
For diff'rent this from every former note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote ;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his *Nut-brown Maid* ;
Which always bless'd her eyes, and own'd her pow'r,
And bid her oft adieu, yet added more.

Now night advanc'd. The house in sleep were laid ;
The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid :

And last, that sprite which does incessant haunt
The lover's steps, the ancient maiden aunt.
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forced delay ;
For Love, fantastic power, that is afraid
To stir abroad till watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then, o'er cliffs and vallies strays,
And leads his vot'ries safe thro' pathless ways.
Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes ; tho' he, poor guide, is blind.

The maiden, first arriving, sent her eye
To ask, if yet its chief delight were nigh :
With fear, and with desire, with joy and pain,
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But oh ! his steps proclaim no lover's haste ;
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast ;
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs ;
And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.

With ease, alas ! we credit what we love :
His painted grief does real sorrow move
In the afflicted fair ; adown her cheek
Trickling, the genuine tears their current break :
Attentive stood the mournful nymph : the man
Broke silence first : the tale alternate ran :

HENRY.

Sincere, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign ?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love ?
Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his sway,
By turns averse, and joyful to obey ?
Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd,
As reason yielded, and as love prevail'd ?
And wept the potent god's resistless dart,
His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
And heav'nly poison thrilling thro' thy heart ?
If so, with pity view my wretched state ;
At least deplore, and then forget my fate :
To some more happy knight reserve thy charms,
By fortune favour'd, and successful arms ;
And only, as the sun's revolving ray
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,
To an abandon'd exile's endless care.
For me, alas ! out-cast of human race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace ;
For lo ! these hands in murder are imbru'd ;
These trembling feet by justice are pursu'd :
Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away ;
A shameful death attends my longer stay ;

And I this night must fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods a banish'd man to rove.

EMMA.

What is our bliss that changeth with the moon;
And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?
What is true passion, if unblest it dies?
And where is Emma's joy if Henry flies?
If love, alas! be pain, the pain I bear
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd,
The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd:
The god of love himself inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
His complement of stores, and total war.

O! cease then coldly to suspect my love,
And let my deed, at least, my faith approve.
Alas! no youth shall my endearments share;
Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
No future story shall with truth upbraid
The cold indifference of *the Nut-brown Maid*:
Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run,
While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
View me resolv'd, where-e'er thou lead'st, to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy wo:
For I attest fair Venus and her son,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HENRY.

Let prudence yet obstruct thy vent'rous way,
And take good heed what men will think and say :
That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took,
Her father's house and civil life forsook ;
That full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the wood-land with an exile ran.
Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd ;
And virgin honour once, is always stain'd :
Timely advised, the coming evil shun :
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
No penance can absolve our guilty fame,
Nor tears that wash out sin, can wash out shame.
Then fly the sad effects of desp'rate love ;
And leave a banish'd man through lonely woods to rove .

EMMA.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
By the rash young, or the ill-natured old :
Let ev'ry tongue its various censures choose,
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse :
Fair truth at last her radiant beams will raise,
And malice vanquish'd heightens virtue's praise.
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight,
O ! let my presence make thy travels light,

And potent Venus shall exalt my name
Above the rumours of censorious Fame;
Nor from that busy demon's restless pow'r
Will ever Emma other grace implore,
Than that this truth should to the world be known,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the bow?
With active force repel the sturdy foe?
When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly,
Wilt thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted stay,
Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day?
Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale;
With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd;
Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharg'd, deny
Thy little useless aid, and coward fly:
Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love
A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
To send the arrow from the twanging yew:



And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,
Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.
Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
Excite the female breast with martial flame?
And shall not love's diviner pow'r inspire
More hardy virtue; and more generous fire?

Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
Though my inferior strength may not allow
That I should bear or draw the warrior bow,
With ready hand I will the shaft supply,
And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,
Should'st thou (but heav'n avert it!) should'st thou bleed,
To stop the wounds my finest lawn I'd tear,
Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair;
Blest, when my dangers and my toils are shewn,
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain
Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain?
Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
From sun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid,
Can they bear angry Jove? Can they resist
The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east?

When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating rain,
We tread with weary steps the longsome plain ;
When with hard toil we seek our ev'ning food,
Berries and acorns, from the neighb'ring wood ;
And find among the cliffs no other house,
But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs ;
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
Around the dreary waste, and weeping try
(Tho' then, alas ! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hospitable gate,
And seats, where Ease and Plenty brooding sate ?
Those seats whence, long excluded, thou must mourn ;
That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return ;
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove ?

EMMA.

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determin'd to recede ;
Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,
While gentle zephyrs play in prosp'rous gales,
And Fortune's favour fills the swelling sails ;
But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar ?
No, Henry, no ; one sacred oath has tied
Our loves, one destiny our life shall guide ;
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide

When from the cave thou risest with the day,
To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey,
The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
And cheerful sit, to wait my lord's return :
And, when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer,
(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err)
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighb'ring wood,
And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food :
With humble duty, and officious haste,
I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast :
The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freshest spring :
And when, at night, with weary toil oppress,
Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest,
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight pray'r
Weary the gods to keep thee in their care ;
And joyous ask, at morn's returning ray,
If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend,
On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend :
By all these sacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart ; and grateful let him own,
That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone.

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'st me, what the woman's care
Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare ;

Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck,
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids with various ribbon bound :
No longer shall the bodice, aptly laced
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less :
Nor shall thy lower garments' artful plait,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double ev'ry charm they seek to hide.
Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair
Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear,
Shall stand uncouth : a horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape and comeliness of side :
The short trunk-hose shall shew thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eye-sight free :
And, with a bolder stride, and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.

Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find :
'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there,
Or guardian gods made innocence their care :

Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view,
For such must be my friends ; a hideous crew,
By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,
Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill :
Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back,
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread :
With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
Assist their violence, and divide their prey :
With such she must return at setting light,
Tho' not partaker, witness of their night.
Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds,
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply :
Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
That latest weapon of the wretches' war ;
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.

Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
What thou wouldst follow, what thou must forsake :
By our ill-omen'd stars, and adverse heav'n,
No middle object to thy choice is given.
Or yield thy virtue to attain thy love,
Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove.

EMMA.

O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates ;
Mix thee amongst the bad ; or make thee run
Too near the paths which virtue bids thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go ;
With him abhor the vice, but share the wo :
And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.

Our outward act is prompted from within,
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin :
By her own choice free Virtue is approved,
Nor by the force of outward objects moved.
Who has assay'd no danger gains no praise.
In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her seat :
In vain the syrens sing, the tempests beat :
Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their threat.

For thee alone these little charms I dress'd,
Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy test ;
In comely figure ranged, my jewels shone,
Or negligently placed, for thee alone :
For thee again they shall be laid aside ;
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
For thee : my clothes, my sex, exchanged for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee ;
O line extreme of human infamy!

Wanting the scissars, with these hands I'll tear
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair :
Black soot or yellow walnut shall disgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face :
These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
Lest by my look or colour be express'd
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dress'd.
Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes :
Lost to the world, let me to him be known :
My fate I can absolve, if he shall own,
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HENRY.

O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind!
Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
Ev'n honour dubious, thou prefer'st to go
Wild to the woods with me. Said Emma so ?
Or did I dream what Emma never said ?
O guilty error ! and O wretched maid !
Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
With him, who next should tempt her easy fame,
And blow with empty words the susceptible flame.
Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex ?
Confess thy frailty, and avow thy sex :
No longer loose desire for constant love
Mistake ; but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st to
rove.

EMMA.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords ;
That Emma thus must die by Henry's words ?
Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame ?
More fatal Henry's words : they murder Emma's fame.

And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung ?
Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes to its aid ;
And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
Still blamed the coldness of *the Nut-brown Maid* ?

Let envious jealousy and canker'd spite
Produce my actions to severest light,
And tax my open day, or secret night.
Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
The least inclined to play the wanton's part ?
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell ?
And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault, but that which I must ever own,
That I, of all mankind, have loved but thee alone ?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone :
Each man is man ; and all our sex is one.

False are our words, and fickle is our mind :
Nor in Love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to last, or promises to bind.

By nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by strength or cunning we invade :
When, arm'd with rage, we march against the foe,
We lift the battle-axe, and draw the bow :
When, fired with passion, we attack the fair,
Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear :
Our falsehood and our arms have equal use,
As they our conquest or delight produce.

The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
The only boon departing love can give.
To be less wretched, be no longer true ;
What strives to fly thee why shouldst thou pursue ?
Forget the present flame, indulge a new.
Single the loveliest of the am'rous youth ;
Ask for his vow ; but hope not for his truth.
The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive ;
Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.
Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right :
Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight ;
Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.

Why shouldst thou weep ? let Nature judge our case :
I saw thee young and fair ; pursued the chase

Of youth and beauty: I another saw
Fairer and younger: yielding to the law
Of our all-ruling mother, I pursued
More youth, more beauty. Blest vicissitude!
My active heart still keeps its pristine flame;
The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful charms;
With present power compels me to her arms;
And much I fear, from my subjected mind,
(If beauty's force to constant love can bind)
That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd;
And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
So wide, to hope that thou mayst live with her.
Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows:
Cupid averse, rejects divided vows:
Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
An useless sorrow, and an ill-star'd love;
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to rove.

EMMA.

Are we in life through one great error led?
Is each man perjured, and each nymph betray'd?
Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
Am I of mine the most completely curst?

Yet let me go with thee, and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our different care,
Her let me follow ; her let me attend,
A servant, (she may scorn the name of friend)
What she demands, incessant I'll prepare :
I'll weave her garlands ; and I'll plait her hair :
My busy diligence shall deck her board,
(For there at least I may approach my lord)
And, when her Henry's softer hours advise
His servant's absence, with dejected eyes
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet, when increasing grief brings slow disease,
And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed ;
When Henry's mistress shews him Emma dead,
Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect :
With virgin honours let my herse be deck'd,
And decent emblem ; and, at least, persuade
This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
Where thou, dear author of my death, where she,
With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
The nymph, amidst her joys, may haply breathe
One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.

And thou, forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart,
Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear
To her, whom love abandon'd to despair ;
To her, who, dying, on the wounded stone
Bid it in lasting characters be known,
That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, solemn Jove! and, conscious Venus, hear!
And thou, bright maid, believe me, whilst I swear;
No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
The well-placed basis of my lasting love.
O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
At least excuse a trial too severe:
Receive the triumph, and forget the war.

No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
Entreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
No perjured knight desires to quit thy arms,
Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth!
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illustrious earl: him terrible in war

Let Loyre confess ; for she has felt his sword,
And trembling fled before the British lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows,
For she amidst his spacious meadows flows,
Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands,
And sees his num'rous herds imprint her sands.

And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy thought
To greatness next to empire ; shalt be brought
With solemn pomp to my paternal seat,
Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait.
Music and song shall wake the marriage-day :
And, while the priests accuse the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.

Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn,
And blooming peace shall ever bless thy morn :
Succeeding years their happy race shall run,
And age unheeded by delight come on,
While yet superior Love shall mock his pow'r :
And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-tied knot unfold,
What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold.

Hence then for ever from my Emma's breast
(That heav'n of softness, and that seat of rest)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests rove.

EMMA.

O day the fairest sure that ever rose!
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight,
O! wing'd with pleasure, take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
Yet tell thy votary, potent queen of love,
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?
Will he be ever kind, and just, and good?
And is there then no mistress in the wood?
None, none there is: the thought was rash and vain,
A false idea, and a fancied pain.
Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
And anxious jealousy's corroding smart;
No other inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care.

Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
And sheds her treasure with unwearied hands,
Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace,
If she reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, flutt'ring to be gone,

Secure of mind I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods she lent.
Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,
From any turn, of her fantastic wheel:
Friendship's great laws, and love's superior pow'rs,
Must mark the colour of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create,
I must my blessings or my sorrows date;
And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.

Yet while with close delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
Exalted high as virtue can require,
With power invested, and with pleasure cheer'd,
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd,
Loaded and blest with all the affluent store
Which human vows at smoking shrines implore;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life subservient only to thy joy;
And at my death to bless thy kindness shewn
To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

[POPE.]

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd;
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain! ~~lost~~ Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:

Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn ;
Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn !
Shrines ! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep !
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart ;
Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloze,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever sad ! for ever dear !
Still breathed in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe :
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom !
There stern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There died the best of passions, Love and Fame.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.

Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away ;
And is my Abelard less kind than they ?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r ;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue ;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief ;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid ;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under friendship's name ;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd, heav'n listen'd while you sung ;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.



From lips like those what precept fail'd to move ?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love :
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see ;
Nor envy them that bear's I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made !
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame ;
Before true passion all those views remove :
Fame, wealth, and honour ! what are you to Love ?
The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all ;
Nor Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove ;
No, make me mistress to the man I love ;
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee !
Oh ! happy state ! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature, law :

All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left acting in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be),
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas how changed! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloise? her voice, her hand!
Her poniard had opposed the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more, by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the Cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:

Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my wo;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r,
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smiled,
And Paradise was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
Here bribed the rage of ill-requited heav'n:
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls (their days eternal bound)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,

Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shade a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffused a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
But why should I on others pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend?
Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclined
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid,
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long sounding isles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green.

Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain,
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget?
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?

How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!
How often hope, despair, resent; regret,
Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget.
But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fired;
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspired!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot?
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
' Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;
Desires composed, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes,

For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins Hymeneals sing,
To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy:
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
Oh curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking Demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me every source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my claspings arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise;
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's wo,
Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.

Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies ;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain ;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose ;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow ;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, Abelard ! for what hast thou to dread ?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd ; Religion disapproves ;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloisa loves.
Ah hopeless, lasting flames ; like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view ?
The dear Ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise, •
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the Matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me,

Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight :
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul :
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art !
Oppose thyself to heav'n ; dispute my heart :
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies ;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears ;
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs ;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode ;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God !
No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole ;
Rise Alps between us ! and whole oceans roll !
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign ;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.

Fair eyes, and tempting looks, (which yet I view!)
Long loved, adored ideas, all adieu!
Oh Grace serene! oh virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh-blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive, and wrap me, in eternal rest!

See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
'Come, sister, come! (it said, or seem'd to say)
'Thy place is here, sad sister, come away;
'Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
'Love's victim then, tho' now a sainted maid:
'But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
'Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
'Ev'n superstition loses every fear:
'For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.'
I come, I come, prepare your roseate bow'rs,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refined in breasts seraphic glow:

Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day :
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul !
Ah no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the Cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloisa see !
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the transient roses fly !
See the last sparkle languish in my eye !
'Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er ;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
Oh Death all-eloquent! you only prove
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
In trance ecstatic may the pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and Angels watch thee round,
From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame !

Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more ;
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds ;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
' Oh may we never love as these have lov'd !'
From the full choir when loud Hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And sure if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more ;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well ;
Let him our sad, our tender story tell ;
The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost ;
He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most.

EXTRACTS
FROM MISS SEWARD'S POETICAL NOVEL OF
LOUISA.*

LOUISA TO EMMA.

Soon then did cheerfulness the morn illumine,
And peace descend with evening's grateful gloom;
They saw my breast in that clear spirit gay,
Which speeds the social hour so fast away.

Now expectation's fervour rose, to hail
The youthful master of this quiet vale,
My blooming brother—from Oxonia's towers,
Who sought, with tender haste, his native bowers.

* The Poem, from which these Extracts are taken, 'resulted from an idea of it being possible to unite the impassioned fondness of Pope's *EOGISA*, with the chaster tenderness of Prior's *EMMA*; avoiding the voluptuousness of the first, and the too conceding softness of the second. The *LOUISA* of the following pages has all that enthusiasm which springs from an heart warmly affectionate, joined to a glowing and picturesque imagination. Her sensibilities, heightened, and refined in the bosom of retirement, know no bounds, except those which the dignity of conscious worth, and a strong sense of religion, prescribe.'—*Preface to Louisa.*

'Twas noon, and ripen'd Summer's fervid ray
From cloudless ether shed oppressive day.
As on this shady bank I sat reclined,
My voice, that floated on the waving wind,
Taught the soft echoes of the neighbouring plains
Milton's sweet lays, in Handel's matchless strains.
Presaging notes my lips unconscious try,
And murmur—' Hide me from day's garish eye!
Ah! blest, had Death beneath his sable shrine
Hid me from all the woes that since were mine!

Beneath my trembling fingers lightly rung
The lute's sweet chords, responsive while I sang.
Faint in the yellow broom the oxen lay,
And the mute birds sat languid on the spray;
And nought was heard, around the noon-tide bower
Save, that the mountain-bee, from flower to flower,
Seem'd to prolong, with her assiduous wing,
The soft vibration of the tuneful string;
While the fierce skies flamed on the shrinking rills,
And sultry silence brooded o'er the hills!

As on my lip the lingering cadence play'd,
My brother gaily bounded down the glade,
And, while my looks the fire of gladness dart,
With ardour press'd me to his throbbing heart;

Then to a graceful stranger turn'd, whose feet,
With steps less swift, my coy welcome meet.
O'er his fine form, and o'er his glowing face,
Youth's ripen'd bloom had shed its richest grace ;
Tall as the pine, amidst inferior trees,
With all the bending osier's pliant ease.
O'er his fair brow, the fairer for their shade,
Locks of the warmest brown luxuriant play'd.
Blushing he bows !—and gentle awe supplies
Each flattering meaning to his downcast eyes ;
Sweet, serious, tender, those blue eyes impart
A thousand dear sensations to the heart ;
Mild as the evening star, whose shining ray
Soft in th' unruffled water seems to play ;
And when he speaks—not music's thrilling pow'r,
No, not the vocal mistress of the bow'r,
When slow she warbles from the blossom'd spray,
In liquid blandishment, her evening lay,
Such soft insinuating sweetness knows,
As from that voice in melting accent flows !

Yet why, fond Memory ! why in tints so warm,
Paint'st thou each beauty of that faultless form ?
His specious virtues surely might impart
Excuse more just for this devoted heart.
Oh ! how each noble passion's seeming trace,
Threw transient glories o'er his youthful face !

How rose, with sudden impulse, swift, and strong,
For ev'ry secret fraud, and open wrong
Th' oppressor acts, the helpless feel, or fear,
Disdain's quick throb, and Pity's melting tear !
So well its part each ductile feature play'd,
Of worth, such firm, though silent promise made,
That to have doubted its well painted truth,
Had been to want the primal grace of youth,
Credulity, that scorns, with gen'rous heat,
Alike to practise, or suspect deceit.

Cease, vain regrets ; excursive Fancy, cease !
Ye only wound afresh my bleeding peace,
And keep from gentle Emma's anxious ear
Th' event she longs, yet kindly dreads, to hear ;
But ah ! not singular, nor strange the tale,
My sister-sufferers mourn in every vale ;
For gold, and dazzling state, incessant prove,
In man's hard heart, the murderers of love.

While many a sun in summer-glory rose,
Eugenio's lip no softer accent knows
Than friendship dictates—but disorder'd praise,
Scarce half express'd ; the musing ardent gaze ;
The varying cheek ; the frequent smother'd sigh,
Reveal the latent meaning of his eye ;

Plain, and yet plainer ev'ry hour declare
The shining secrecies, that languish there.

These are the days that fly on rapture's wing,
Empurpling ev'ry flower that decks the spring ;
For when delicious Hope, with whisper bland,
Wakes the dear magic of her potent wand,
More vivid colours paint the rising morn,
And clearer crystal gems the silver thorn ;
On more luxuriant shade the noon-beam plays,
And richer gold the evening-sun arrays ;
Stars seem to glitter with enamour'd fire,
And shadowy hills in statelier grace aspire ;
More subtle sweetness scents the passing gales,
And softer beauty decks the moon-light vales ;
All nature smiles ! nor e'en the jocund day,
When festive roses strew the bridal way,
Darts through the virgin's breast such keen delight,
As when soft fears with gay belief unite ;
As Hope, sweet, warm, seducing Hope, inspires,
Which somewhat questions, what it most desires ;
Reads latent meaning in a lover's eye,
Thrills at his glance, and trembles at his sigh ;
As o'er the frame disorder'd transport peers,
When only less than certainty is ours.

At length, that rosy certainty appears,
With faithless promises of golden years.
Here, by this fountain side, Eugenio strove,
To trace the tender progress of his love ;
'Twas on the evening of a splendid day ;—
Calm on the gilded grass the fountain lay !
But oh ! when doubt, in that dear moment, fled,
A calm more sunny o'er my bosom spread !

As the gay lark his last clear carol sung,
And on a slanting sun-beam warbling hung,
With sweeter music thrill'd the vesper lay,
Than when he soar'd amid the blaze of day ;
But yet a thousand times more sweet the sound,
In which my soul its dearest blessing found !

Thou, Emma, wilt not blame my easy youth,
That soon this heart declared its tenderest truth.
Ah ! could I dream he feign'd, whose glances warm
With ceaseless ardour wander'd o'er my form ?
And as gay smiles, and youthful graces fair,
Shone in my eyes, and harmonized my air,
Not one unheeded pass'd his eager gaze,
His fervent, yet discriminating praise ;
Though oft he swore, amidst the fond survey,
The mind they graced was lovelier far than they ;

Protested oft, that mind was form'd to share
Each high-soul'd purpose, and each virtuous care ;
Catch ev'ry new idea, as it rose,
Partake his joys, and melt with all its woes ;
False could I think that vow, whose starting tear
Sprung, the warm witness of a faith sincere ?

Now dawn'd th' appointed, but unwelcome day,
That bore my dearest brother far away,
Where foreign climes might store his ripening youth
With observation, science, taste, and truth.

The same sad day my lov'd Eugenio sigh'd
Adieu impassion'd to his promised bride ;
Yet often urged, inspiring faithless ease,
That between us Fate spread no cruel seas ;
Alas ! in his changed heart my eyes explore,
Of falsehood's waves,—a sea,—without a shore !

Where Thames expands with Freedom's wealthy pride,
Attractive Commerce calls him to her tide ;
As with firm step she runs along the strand,
And points to the tall ship, the distant land.
His rising interests on the call attend,
For with a father's prosperous fate they blend.

Thus, with these interests, duty's filial power
Unites to tear him from Louisa's bower ;
But parting sorrows yield them to the force
Of strong necessity's resistless course,
By generous confidence when lull'd to rest,
That broods, on dove-like pinion, o'er the breast ;
While, from kind letters, rays of joy pervade
The gloomy-moments of the love-sick maid ;
And oh ! how warm, how bright those letters glow'd,
What ardent love in melting language flow'd,
My dearest Emma, thou wilt ne'er explore ;
The brilliant talismans are mine no more !
Pride, virgin-pride, pronounced the stern behest,
And tore the faithless Scriptures from my breast !

Through four sweet months, to my delighted eyes
These precious tablets of my bliss arise !
At length, dread silence,—torturing doubt, and fear,
Prompt the pang'd sigh—but check the softer tear ;
Through the lone day, and lonelier night, impart
‘ The hope defer'd, that maketh sick the heart.’
Wish'd morning comes !—and hour succeeds to hour !
But still, suspense, and terror, o'er me lower ;
Chase each conjecture kind, with fierce controul,
And send their cruel ice-bolt through my soul.

Three wretched weeks my throbbing bosom bears
The wounding conflict of its various fears,
While rumour's voice inflames my grief, and pride,
And gives Eugenio to a wealthier bride.
My trembling hands, the sick suspense to ease,
From day to day the public records seize ;
While glances, rapid as the meteor's ray,
Eager amidst the crowded columns stray ;
Snatch at sad certainty from busy Fame,
Yet dread to meet my dear Eugenio's name.

Now glooms on the stain'd page the barbarous truth,
And blights each blooming promise of my youth !
Eugenio *married* !—anguish, and despair,
In ev'ry pompous killing letter glare !
Thy love, a sacrifice to glut thy pride !—
Ah ! what avail the riches of thy bride !
Can they avail, remorseless as thou art,
To tear the wrong'd Louisa from thy heart ?

Gold, and ye gems, that lurk in eastern cave,
Or to the sun your gay resplendence wave,
Can joys sincere, one heart-felt transport live
In ought ye purchase, or in ought ye give ?
A bliss, to rival those thy avarice lost,
Insolvent India shall but vainly boast !

Was it for this my gentle brother's heart
Bore in our growing loves so warm a part !
That soft indulgence deck'd his open brows,
That smiles fraternal hail'd our mutual vows !
And, as he kindly breath'd the parting sigh,
Love's crystal fluid rushing to his eye,
Was it for this our blooming hopes he blest,
Seiz'd our twined hands, and clasp'd them to his breast ?
Ah ! did he know his lov'd Louisa's fate,
What energy would nerve his rising hate !
Haste, my Lorenzo, to thy sister's aid !
With thy swift vengeance be her wrongs repaid !
Ye rising winds, his wandering sails restore !
Ye refluent waters, bear him to the shore !

And thou, vain bride ! enjoy the meteor-ray,
The fancied sun-beam of thy nuptial day !
Stern Fury waits, to quench its transient light,
In deep, ensanguin'd, everlasting night !
Bleed, faithless, bleed !—Louisa's wrongs explored,
Shall frown relentless on her brother's sword !
—Rash, lost Louisa !— could'st thou bear the strife ?
Throw on a fatal chance thy brother's life ?
Or stretch, a victim to thy proud disdain,
Eugenio, pale, and bleeding on the plain ?

Endure that from a bosom, once so dear,
Convulsive pangs the trembling life should tear ?
Oh ! should'st thou, certain of the cruel truth,
Behold, in Fancy's eye, the slaughter'd youth,
Could'st thou that lov'd, that lovely form survey,
And see it faded to insensate clay ?
Eternal darkness on those eye-lids hung ?
Eternal silence stiffen on that tongue ?
No ! wildly, from the bare surmise, I start,
And treble fondness rushes through my heart ;
Live !—live, Eugenio !—free from fierce alarms,
Blest, if thou canst, e'en in my rival's arms !
O ! safe, through lengthen'd years, may'st thou remain
From all the varied forms of deathful pain !
From injured honour's unrelenting ire,
The blast of accident, the fever's fire !
Soft may those dangerous graces melt away,
And gently sink in scarce perceived decay !

For this my breast its cureless woes shall hide,
Nor sting fraternal love, nor generous pride.
Yes, dear Lorenzo ! thou shalt still believe,
Though much the thought thy gentle breast will grieve,
Louisa, lost to tenderness, and truth,
In the vain levity of thoughtless youth,

Proved to Eugenio's love a cold ingrate,
And lightly splenetic deserved her fate.

Cruel Remembrance ! how shall I assuage
The yearning pangs of thy incessant rage ?
What balmy comfort can the heart pervade,
When bitter tears his broken faith upbraid,
Whose hand, we fondly hoped, should wipe away
Their flowing sorrows through each future day ?
Since in Reflection's grasp each blessing dies,
When the forced struggling spirit must despise
Him who, encircled with perfection's zone,
Long in our sight scarce less than angel shone.
For if Credulity her warmth impart,
With veils of light she screens the selfish heart ;
But barbarous Perfidy's severe extreme,
In shades eternal, shrouds each gorgeous beam.

On the arch'd windows thus, that proudly grace
An high majestic temple's awful face,
When pours the setting sun its darting rays,
An hundred solar orbs appear to blaze ;
But when th' incumbent shades of lowering night
Curtain the source of this illusive light,
Its evanescent fires no more remain,
But horrors gather round the darken'd fane ;

The lofty turrets, desolately grand,
In dreary state, and lonely silence stand ;
Though the dim aisles pale spectres seem to fleet,
And hollow groans the whispering walls repeat.

So, round Eugenio's form, that rises yet,
'Mid Pride's cold frown, and Passion's warm regret,
Deprived of all the lustre it retain'd,
When gay belief with sunny hue remain'd,
Incessant now the fiends of avarice glide,
With dark Ambition scowling at their side.

Detested impotence of flatter'd charms,
That could not bind my wanderer to my arms !
Ah ! what avail'd your beauties, but to lure
That fleeting love, ye knew not to secure !

Like opening flow'rs, that deck the desert glade,
Fair to no purpose, flatter'd graces fade !—
One healing draught—and all shall yet be well !
' Peace is the pale-ey'd sister of the cell,'
The cell of DEATH—where Misery only knows
The soft exemption,—and the long repose.

Ah no !—a guardian spirit seems to say,
' Stay thee, Louisa, yet a little stay !

‘ Awake not righteous Heaven’s avenging hate,
‘ By rashly plunging in the waves of fate !
‘ Though time, for woes like thine, admits no cure,
‘ Yet learn its hardest lesson, to endure !
‘ Not long shall life her torturing sense impart
‘ Of the barb’d shaft, that rankles in thy heart.
‘ Thou shalt not need to stain thy spotless soul,
‘ Nor want th’ ensanguin’d knife, th’ envenom’d bowl ;
‘ Thy soul’s belov’d, by vain ambition fired,
‘ Deaf, as the grave, to all that once inspired,
‘ To Love’s soft voice,—to honour’s awful plea,
‘ Lives to another !—and is lost to thee !’

Eugenio married !—Oh ! yon village-bell,
That flings on the cold gale its mournful knell !
The solemn pause,—the loud repeated toll,
Calling the pale corse to its darksome goal,
Not plainer there the tale of death relate,
Than these detested words pronounce my fate !
Eugenio married, seals Louisa’s doom,
Her sure, though lingering passport to the tomb !

And thou, soft mourner o’er my bosom’s smart !
Friend of my soul, and sister of my heart !
A fallen blossom while thy tears embalm,
Regrets that fondness prompts, let fondness calm ;

Since though this mortal frame, affection's slave,
Wastes by th' envenom'd wound that falsehood gave,
I still possess, thus withering in my youth,
The peace of innocence, the pride of truth ;
My soul is conscious of its heavenly sire,
The cherub Faith has lent her wings of fire ;
Man, the base object of my scorn, it leaves,
To join that gracious power, that ne'er deceives.*

* This interesting poem, in the original, consists of four epistles. These extracts have been made from the first : the second is from Eugenio, in exculpation of his seeming perfidy.





